

THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



The Staff of Life Supports The Millers
Trying to Teach Christians Ethics
Critics, Criticism and Criteria
Politics in Quebec
Marjorie Pickthall

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1933

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS

A YEAR ago it was fairly easy to calculate that the Liberals need only wait patiently until a national election came round and that then they would march back to office simply by exploiting the accumulated grievances of all sections of the population against the present government. The rapid rise of the C.C.F. in the last few months has upset the equanimity of Liberal tacticians, and it is amusing to watch them quarrelling whether they shall spurn the new movement or patronize it. They will still be quarrelling on this subject when election day comes, by which time it will not matter which way they decide. For in the meantime there is developing in the Canadian mind a rather significant sentiment. It is remarkable how many people you meet nowadays who are talking about dictatorship. Most of them are not thinking in any realistic manner of a dictator in the European sense; but they have been dazzled by the quick decisions of President Roosevelt and his advisers, and by the seemingly effortless ease with which he has pushed the representative bodies in the American constitution into the background and got himself accepted as sole representative of the American people. And the significant thing about all this talk that one hears is that when these Rooseveltian precedents are applied to Canada there is unanimous agreement that a Liberal party under King-Massey leadership is too timorous to be capable of the quick and decisive action that will be needed. The real choice lies between a Conservative party forced against its will into a radical policy by a Bennett who will at last be inspired by some intelligent economic advisers (where are they to come from?) and a socialist party committed to such a radical policy and equipped with leadership that is determined to carry it out. Obviously, the present mood of the Canadian people is potentially dangerous. The recent phenomena of the *Federation des Clubs Ouvriers* in Montreal and of the Vigilantes on the outskirts of Toronto (who are our old friends the Orange Order in a new form) show how easy it is to exploit this mood for Fascist purposes. And the genius who thought of Canada First in 1930 will not be slow to see the opportunities of a Fascist election in 1934. This makes it all the more necessary for the C.C.F. to present a positive concrete programme of action to the Canadian people in addition to the general principles of social reconstruction which it has enunciated. Canada, with a million and a half on relief, is longing for action.

A FOCUS OF FASCISM

A Montreal subscriber has taken us to task—quite legitimately—for neglecting to make any editorial comment on the cold-blooded killing last March of a Polish unemployed worker, Nick Zynchuck. The fact of the matter is that cases of police brutality and of callous disregard for the rights of the citizen have multiplied to such an alarming extent in the Province of Quebec recently that the shooting of the unfortunate Zynchuck by a policeman is only one incident among many. It is becoming increasingly clear that Quebec, with the open connivance and approval of the Government of that province, is rapidly becoming a centre of Fascist infection and of the blackest kind of reaction. Interesting light on this question is shed by a publication issued from time to time by the Montreal Presbytery of the United Church. A recent number of the bulletin of the Committee on Social and Economic Research gives, besides a very clear and objective account of the Zynchuck case, a general but comprehensive review of various other acts of legalized oppression: the Verdun Act, the Repeal of the Library Associations Act, the Defamatory Libel Act (subsequently withdrawn), and so on. It is comforting to see that there is an element within the United Church not lacking in social courage. They will need all they have for the struggle that is looming in Quebec. The French-Canadian petty bourgeois, frightened and bewildered by the depression, is as ready to be stampeded as his German cousin was a year ago. Even the anti-Semitic element is present and Hitler Clubs have actually been founded in Montreal during the past few weeks. The Honourable Mr. Patenaude appearing before a 'Workers' Association numbering 81,000 members was greeted with the Roman salute. Mr. Patenaude may imagine he is destined to be the French-Canadian Mussolini, but it is far more likely to be that patrician Tory cynic disguised as a Liberal,—Mr. Taschereau himself.

THE BEAUHARNOIS BETRAYAL

AFTER all the rhetorical flourishes of Mr. Bennett when he was in opposition or even after he was in charge of the Government, the Beauharnois enterprise, potentially one of the greatest power developments on this continent, has fallen into the hands of Sir Herbert Holt. We are constantly told by admirers of the Prime Minister about

his boundless courage and the magnificent way he takes hold of things when once his mind is made up. But here is another test case in which the strong man fails to get things done. It may be that he has fought hard behind the scenes to save Beaucharnois from the Holt gang, but the general public will have to believe that on faith. What is known for certain is that Mr. Bennett seized on the Beaucharnois case as a splendid opportunity for shoving the Liberals into the valley of humiliation, and that he intervened to save the banks from any risks they had undertaken. But in the end Holt grabs all the power and the profits. It is true that if Mr. Bennett had wanted to intervene and save the project for public ownership he would have had to fight a combination of some of the strongest business profiteers of Montreal and Toronto, and any ordinary politician may be pardoned if he shows little stomach for such a fight. But then we are so constantly being assured in private that Mr. Bennett is no ordinary politician. All that can be done now is to recall mournfully his oratory of last year. 'I believe that there is no government in Canada that does not regret that it has parted with some of these natural resources for considerations wholly inadequate and on terms that do not reflect the principle under which the Crown holds the natural resources in trust for all the people.'

ROOSEVELT GOES ON

AFTER two months of office, President Roosevelt continues to be full of surprises, not the least of which is his continued ability to get his measures through Congress. Only the boldest observer would have dared to predict in March such complete legislative success; and though Congressional revolt has been smoldering since the very first week, it has so far failed to break out in active rebellion. So rapidly has one measure followed another that it is still impossible to predict clearly the final result of the President's policy; indeed, in view of the number of alternatives which these measures have placed at his disposal, even his policy is somewhat obscure. One thing, however, is clear. The President has completely abandoned the effort of his predecessors to evade all major responsibility and to depend for salvation upon acts of God. In gathering to himself wider powers than have ever been held by a President of the United States, he has assumed a responsibility such as only the most courageous man would dare to face. He has deliberately sacrificed all possible excuse in case of failure, for only complete success can justify the steps he has taken in the past two months. One may doubt the wisdom of some of his proposed measures or his own ability to rehabilitate the prostrate economic life of the nation; but one can hardly refrain from admiring the courage with which he has accepted the challenge of the situation. Public life has produced no more daring gambler in our generation—but the hazard is justified by the tremendous stakes.

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

NEW DEPARTURES

THE *New Yorker* once published a drawing of two ladies standing in the shadow of a colossal dynamo which a squad of workmen was trying to repair, and one of them saying, 'Have they tried jiggling it?' This preliminary and inexpensive experiment is apparently what Roosevelt is trying at present, in the hope that a mild impulse will be enough to start the machine going of its own accord. But the implication of his present course of action is that if major repairs are needed he will not hesitate to make them. He is no socialist, but he is not afraid of socialistic measures. The world no longer has to bear those frantic paeans to the spiritual value of American individualism behind which Hoover sought shelter from his responsibilities. Roosevelt apparently is prepared to step boldly into the fields of government ownership and operation of industry, of government control and coordination of private business, of direct relief of unemployment by the Federal government, and to contemplate a sweeping programme of interference with private business men such as, three years ago, would have killed off half the business men of the United States in a spontaneous wave of apoplexy. Nor is he an economic isolationist in the sense of his predecessors. He is picking his course very cautiously, it is true. No concrete agreements emerged from the Washington conversations in April; the President was apparently more concerned with establishing personal contacts as a preliminary to the World Economic Conference, and apparently had to restrain the eagerness of some of his guests—including that of Mr. Bennett to truck and trade with the Yankees. But it is clear that the United States is once more preparing to take an active part in world affairs. Any statesman of another nation who makes such a development more difficult will have a heavy responsibility before the world.

BRITAIN STILL MUDDLES

IN a world where paradox is the order of the day, the so-called National Government in England continues to lead the way in devising new absurdities of contradiction. It has this in common with Providence, that it moves in a truly mysterious way; but no wonders of performance are as yet apparent to justify the mystery. Instead, it has persistently and deliberately nullified all the alleged intentions with which it started its career. Brought in on a wave of panic to save the gold standard, it has not only abandoned that standard amid universal acclaim, but is actually using a highly substantial fund in speculative activities to keep the pound in an artificial disparity against the dollar. Having assumed, on no clear authority, a mandate to adopt a tariff policy as a weapon to remedy the trade situation, it has almost completely severed relations with Ireland and Russia, and the Tories in the Commons have shown a tenacious hostility toward the recent efforts to secure a general tariff truce. The trade situation in general has failed to show any marked improvement. The unemployment situation has shown less than none. The recent budget is an admitted failure to cope with the financial situation; the income tax remains unchanged, and

the British workman gets a penny off beer at the heavy price of a curtailed dole and the abandonment of all effort to reduce the National Debt. Almost every possible mistake that could be made in foreign policy has been made. Not even the late Labour government had a sorrier record; and yet there is no doubt that the legend continues, and is likely to persist, that the National Government, by a courageous act of self-sacrifice, saved the nation from some vague but all-embracing disaster. It is hardly likely that history will endorse this verdict.

STUBBORN INSULARITY

THE most serious developments in recent British policy are the breach with Russia and the growing hostility toward America. The motives behind the actions of both Russia and England in the recent case of the Moscow trials still remain unfathomable. The contrast between the tenderness shown to Japan, in the face of the most explicit condemnation contained in the Lytton report, and the immediate attitude of truculent hostility toward Russia before any evidence at all was available, makes it seem as though Britain had ceased to be merely impatient in world affairs and had become actively mischievous. As for the attitude toward America, it partakes in equal portions of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. The outcry against the United States for daring to endanger England's assumed advantage by suspending gold payments is one of the most curious episodes in recent international affairs; while the prospect, averted only after strenuous effort, that the American suggestion of a tariff truce would be rejected out of hand, hardly argues a hopeful prospect either for a reasonable settlement of the debt question or for the success of the World Economic Conference. England has been accustomed to pride herself on being a sane and constructive force in world affairs, and to blame the ignorant insularity of America as a stumbling block to world recovery. It now begins to look as though the positions were decidedly reversed.

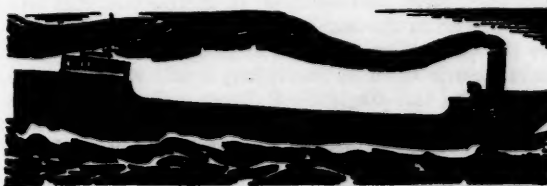
THE TRIAL OF THE ENGINEERS

THE CANADIAN FORUM refrained from making any comment on the trial of the British engineers in Moscow as long as legal proceedings were still in progress. This journal believed, naively enough, that even a Soviet court was entitled to the forbearance of the press customary on such occasions. That trial is now over and two of the employees of Metropolitan-Vickers, one of whom pleaded guilty to the charges against him, now languish in a Russian prison. Whether these engineers were guilty or innocent neither we, nor for that matter any other body of editorial writers, are in a position to judge. But what is disgracefully evident in British policy are the breach with Russia and the fact that an alarmingly large section of the British public allowed itself to be ballyhooed almost into hysteria by a bitter and mendacious press campaign. Even the repatriated engineers themselves felt in honour bound on their return home to deny some of the more outrageous statements regarding

their examination and trial. It is difficult to understand how any British newspaper, cognizant as it must be of the infamous proceedings at Meerut, can afford to throw even a pebble at the judicial practices of any foreign country, yet the public as long as the trial lasted, and for weeks after, were fed a daily diet of slush about British justice and the impossibility of anyone getting a 'fair' trial in Soviet Russia. The British press is largely irresponsible; the British Government is not, or at least should not appear to be. Yet every British Government since the war has seemed fated to bungle the Russian question. Lloyd George bungled it criminally with his White Armies of intervention, MacDonald stupidly by sending a man of Ovey's reputation and temperament as ambassador to Moscow, Simon and Runciman and Baldwin hysterically by their bullying threats and their short-sighted embargo on Anglo-Russian trade. In the meantime the two engineers are still in jail; they have the press barons and the National Government to thank for it.

A TAX ON CULTURE

ONE of the most indefensible bits of protectionism with which the Bennett Government has experimented has been the tax on American magazines entering Canada. *The Ottawa Journal* has recently been pointing out that this tax has achieved neither of its professed purposes, (1) to raise revenue and (2) to keep undesirable periodicals out of Canada. In the eighteen months from Sept. 1931 to March 1933, it brought into the treasury only one million dollars. It did not keep out the trashy magazines, who simply made arrangements to print in Canada and thus preserved their circulation here and also escaped the customs tax. One of these 'pulp' periodicals has more than doubled its Canadian circulation and another has gained 32% since the tax was imposed. On the other hand, the tax has fallen heavily on such magazines as *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic*, whose Canadian circulation has decreased by from 36 to 44% in the period. That great high priest of protection, Mr. R. W. Breadner, the Commissioner of Customs, rushed to the defence of his tax against the *Journal*, but was unable to say anything more than that a million dollars is quite a bit of money and that the publication of these trashy magazines in Canada gives employment here and increases the consumption of Canadian ink and paper. In other words, as the *Journal* replied to him, 'in the judgement of Mr. Breadner it doesn't much matter what Canadians read so long as the reading is provided through financial benefit for some Canadians.' We heartily agree with the *Journal's* remarks. But we wonder whether it would care to extend the principle implied in them to textiles and to certain other commodities as well as to reading matter.



POLITICS IN QUEBEC

IN a world of change the fundamental institutions of Quebec—Mr. Taschereau, the *Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Consolidated*, and the *Montreal Gazette*—continue to function with a reassuring fidelity to their respective traditions. The notorious Zynchuck case has given the premier the opportunity for a further display of 'forward-looking Liberalism'. The M.L.H. and P., which 'brooks like the Turk no brother near the throne', has just swallowed Beauharnois and is preparing to round off the meal with the Pointe Claire Municipal electric plant. The *Gazette*, joining lustily in the 'economy' campaign of the hard-faced men who have done well out of Canada, praises the Alberta government for cutting educational expenditures and exhorts Manitoba to dispense with old age pensions and mothers' allowances—a characteristic example of that tender solicitude for widows and orphans which figures so prominently in Conservative speeches.

The *Gazette* and the M.L.H. and P. have done no more than run true to form; but Mr. Taschereau has excelled himself. His first public pronouncement on the Zynchuck case was a refusal to institute a special inquiry, coupled with the declaration that 'Foreigners who are not satisfied to breathe the air of Quebec have but to depart to other lands'. (*Star*, March 27). Next day in the legislature he went farther, paying 'homage' to the Montreal police for what they had done (*Gazette*, March 29) and rebuking 'certain associations and papers' for 'criticizing the police' and so giving 'encouragement to the agitators and perturbers of public order'. (*Star*, March 28). The 'associations' included the Protestant Ministerial Association, the Montreal Women's Clubs, and the Delorimier Liberal Reform Club. One of the 'papers' was the *Montreal Star* (which later repented).

These remarks, one would have thought, indicated clearly enough the debilitated state of civil liberty in Quebec; but the premier was evidently determined to leave 'no possible shadow of doubt, no shadow of doubt whatever'. Four statements from his speech of May 8 to the Police and Fire Chiefs' Association of Quebec will show how well he succeeded.

(1) 'When public bodies condemn the police and side with aliens then I say they are wrong.' In other words, the foreigner has no rights save what the police department is graciously pleased to grant him, and anyone who defends him runs the risk of being branded unpatriotic and anti-social. This, of course, is a view widely held in many parts of Canada, but few of its exponents have Mr. Taschereau's shameless candour.

(2) 'If the policemen think that the arms given them by the law are not to be used for their own defence and that of citizens' lives and property then we are not getting proper protection. As Attorney-General I have no hesitation in telling you that the arms placed in the hands of the police are to be used for the protection of life and property. If a legitimate case is cited to me today, I will say, "He did right".' In the context—a direct reference to the Zynchuck affair—this can hardly be construed otherwise than as an incitement to police violence and a guarantee of immunity from penalties. Signor

Mussolini, Herr Hitler, and the author of the 'iron heel of ruthlessness' must look to their laurels.

(3) 'Then there is the matter of grilling prisoners. The law at present forces you to warn the prisoner that whatever he says may be used against him, and often what you obtain from the prisoner cannot be used in court. The grilling system has its advantages. When you read that after a sixteen-hour grilling the police were able to get valuable information in an abduction case, I think those who have done the grilling will say it is a useful way of obtaining information'. The G.P.U., if newspaper reports are to be trusted, would no doubt agree. Is Mr. Taschereau taking his orders from Moscow? How many of those who professed such pious horror at the alleged use of the 'third degree' in Russia and cast doubt on the value of the evidence it elicited, will protest the advocacy of the same methods by the minister responsible for the administration of justice in Canada's largest province?

(4) 'I call your attention to the ticket-of-leave systems. I think there should be no pardon for the burglar. I even wonder if the man found with a revolver in his hand about to commit a crime should not get life imprisonment'. This deserves the Torquemada prize. (Quotations from *Montreal Gazette* of May 9).

In England a speech of this kind would end its author's political career in twelve hours. But Mr. Taschereau, entrenched behind the ramparts of big business and a docile peasantry, is perfectly secure. That it should be so is the tragedy and the shame of his country.

Mr. Taschereau's truculence is only the latest manifestation of a trend towards Fascism which in recent months has been growing more and more pronounced in Quebec public life. In February Mr. Taschereau himself invited the Young Liberals of Quebec City to consider 'whether democracy had not gone too far. Whether Mussolini was not sometimes right'. A little later the Montreal Reform Club listened to a panegyric on Italian Fascism by Signor Biffi of the local Italian colony. Next Mr. Onesime Gagnon, M.P., law partner of the Solicitor-General, told a Montreal Conservative organization that the time had come to stop the 'swing to the left, the wrong road', and begin a 'swing towards Fascism, the right road'. Then on April 30, a rally of 4,000 or 5,000 members of the *Federation des Clubs Ouvriers* met to confer on Hon. E. L. Patenaude, former Conservative leader in the province, the position of 'supreme advisor' to the Federation. At this meeting, according to the *Gazette* of May 1, 'the Fascist salute was in vogue. The guards and most of the crowd after a time welcomed each visitor by the Roman salute'.

The one encouraging feature of the Quebec political scene is the growth of the C.C.F. movement. There are in Montreal two affiliated Labour Party branches, and at least five C.C.F. clubs; one large and flourishing in Verdun (where the new mayor proclaims himself a C.C.F. supporter) and smaller but active organizations in Notre Dame de Graces (a middle-class residential district par excellence where Mr. Woodsworth and Mr. Garland recently drew an audience of a thousand, as against sixty for J. H. Harris, Conservative M.P. for Scarborough), Rosemount, Strathmore, and the central section of the

city. In the rest of the province nothing has so far developed, though there are good indications of a beginning in the Eastern Townships. The rise of the C.C.F. in Quebec presents perhaps no spectacular features; but that it can gain a foothold at all is startling enough. The Verdun election result,

according to the *Gazette*, has caused both the old parties considerable alarm. Whether the C.C.F. can advance fast enough, in Quebec and elsewhere, to check the tendency towards repression remains to be seen. There is no time to lose.

E. A. F.

THE STAFF OF LIFE SUPPORTS THE MILLERS

By A. L. OAKHURST

ONE of the outstanding features of modern capitalism is the amazing degree of exploitation of the consumer which its business operations entails. During the past few years investigations of the government have shown that, in practically any field of trade which might be studied, either wilful attempts are made to enhance the costs of goods or the organization of the trade results in such wasteful competition and duplication of effort as to increase materially the cost of distribution. Inasmuch as the investigations or inquiries have covered such fields as plumbing and heating contracting, electrical contracting, the motion picture industry, the bread-baking industry, and more recently, the distribution of milk and coal, it is clear that the discovery of parallel conditions in other spheres merely awaits examination.

In spite of this fact, current opinion in government circles, and to a considerable extent among the citizens of Canada, is that combines against the public interest are a result of the criminal intents of individual business men. Thus we find that the protection of the consumer is left in the hands of the courts in the belief that legal prosecutions or the threat of them will cause business to be operated in the interests of the public. While it might be of considerable value to trace the origin of this belief and to discover at what periods it possessed any validity, it is more important, at the moment, to stress the fact that the consumer will secure no protection until the economic forces which give rise to combines and wasteful distribution are controlled and directed in the public interest. Moreover, the courts have not been developed to exercise such control nor does it appear that they can now be made effective instruments for securing efficient economic organization from the viewpoint of the consumer.

It has long been recognized by students of economic affairs that freedom of competition in the production and distribution of bread must result in the unnecessary duplication of plants, equipment, and services, the burden of which must be borne by the consumer through the medium of high prices. Although the wastes in the distribution of this necessity of life have long been the target for criticism, little effort has been made in Canada to bring the sale of bread under public control and thereby secure to the consumer the advantages resulting from the efficient organization of the industry. As long as the production of bread remained in the hands of the neighbourhood bakery the public remained uninfluenced by the arguments in favour

of centralized control; and this habit of mind appears to have continued long after the conditions giving rise to it have disappeared. For, in the intervening years, the small baker has given way to the bread factory, and the production and distribution of bread in our leading cities, and in many other localities as well, has come largely under the control of baking companies controlled by the larger milling concerns. As has been the case with many other products, this growing concentration of ownership and control has not brought any benefits to the consumer, but rather, has placed him even more at the mercy of big business.

In 1930, as a result of general complaints throughout the country, the Registrar of the Combines Investigation Act was instructed to make a preliminary inquiry into the price of bread in Canada. In the following year his report was made public, and I have drawn heavily upon his conclusions to picture the plight of the consumer. At the time the inquiry was concluded it was found that 'since 1925 . . . four flour-milling companies have acquired control over 96 bakeries operating from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, which now produce over a third of the bread sold in the Dominion and over *ninety per cent.* of the bread sold in the localities in which they operate. In most instances these bakeries were going concerns. Many of them had been engaged, even before they were acquired, in . . . highly expensive sales campaigns. . . These campaigns have not been introduced, therefore, as a result of the new control, but on the other hand it is not apparent that the new control has thus far been followed by reduced selling prices.'

It needs scarcely be said that the flour-milling companies have secured control of the baking industry to serve their own rather than the public's interests. One has only to read the evidence secured by the Registrar of the prices which the bakeries paid for flour to discover how far the interests of the consumer have been subordinated to those of the controlling organizations. 'Under the new relationship between the flour-milling company and its bakery subsidiaries, purchases of flour are naturally made from the parent company. Our records show that in 1929 the mill-controlled bakeries purchased in all well over a million barrels. Moreover, this million barrel market was held by only four milling companies, and represented an eighth of the entire consumption of flour in 1929. These milling companies are thus provided with an assured demand for a large portion of their products, and consequently should be able to reduce considerably

their sales costs. . . . One would expect that a chain bakery using several thousands barrels a month would buy flour from its parent milling company at prices far below those of small competitors using less than a carload a month. The returns received from both types of baker, however, for 1930 as well as 1929, show that in many instances the small bakery has been outbuying his large-scale competitor, whose purchases are naturally confined to the one large flour-milling company.' In other words, the economies which result from the production and sale of bread on a large scale are secured by the milling company in the non-competitive price for flour which it forces its subsidiary to pay, and the exploitation of the consumer is carried on in a somewhat refined and indirect manner.

So much for the control of the bread-baking industry. For those readers who are interested in business finance a profitable field of study will be found in the means whereby the flour-milling companies acquired properties and financial control. But we shall confine ourselves to the results of movements in the industry. As it is clear that the consolidation of baking companies has brought no benefits to the consumer we may next examine the effects of competition in this field. Apart from the obvious waste which results from the excess duplication of delivery services in all cities, additional costs arise from the construction and maintenance of capital investment in plants and equipment far in excess of market requirements. The Registrar found that the total capacity of 72 mill-controlled bakeries out of 96 owned was treble their actual output in 1929, and 50,000,000 pounds in excess of the total bread sales in Canada in that year. Four-fifths of the bread sold in Quebec province, for example, could be produced by six mill-controlled bakeries in the city of Montreal. The three mill-controlled bakeries in Winnipeg could produce more bread than was sold in the entire province of Manitoba. Four mill-controlled bakeries in Vancouver have a similar capacity in relation to the needs of the province of British Columbia. Even in Ontario the capacity of six mill-controlled bakeries in Toronto is equal to half the normal consumption of bread in the province. In a more specific manner the Registrar describes the situation as it existed in the nation's capital. 'The plant of the Canada Bread Company in Ottawa, for instance, or of the Standard Bread Company, either one, could produce more bread than is eaten by all the people in the city. More than that, there are at least twenty-five other bakeries doing business in Ottawa, a number of them giving city-wide delivery service.'

If the maintenance of such conditions resulted in the consumer being served better in quality or weight of bread there might be something to offset the costs of duplication. But an analysis of the bread distributed blights this prospect. Seventeen samples of bread at from 7 to 12 cents a loaf were submitted to the Dominion Analyst for examination. The Registrar reports that 'of the seventeen samples analyzed, nine weighed less than 24 ounces; as it happens the seven-cent loaf was the highest in weight, while one of the twelve-cent loaves was the lowest. As for nutritive value measured in calories, the lowest-price loaf exceeded that of some of the

highest-price loaves'. . . . The same situation was found with respect to fat content. The Registrar concludes that 'high price is not a guarantee either of high nutritive value in terms of calories per pound, or of a high percentage of fats in the loaf.'

The existence of excess plant capacity in the bread-baking industry forces the management of each company to utilize all possible means in efforts to secure as large a share of the market as can be taken away from competitors. 'All the arts of modern salesmanship have been put to use,' writes the Registrar, 'extensive and expensive advertising campaigns, special delivery services, credit, feature breads of fancy shapes or fancy ingredients—all designed to secure volume. Sales effort to secure volume has its economic justification when increased volume makes possible lower costs and lower prices. In the bread-baking industry, however, while volume has been secured by a few large baking companies, the selling expenses involved in gaining this volume have been exceedingly heavy, and apparently have more than offset whatever may have been effected in the way of economies from large-scale production. Certainly there is no evidence here that increased volume means lower prices.' In the opinion of the Registrar the consumer 'should not be called upon to pay for one's baker's effort to persuade the public to buy from him rather than from a competitor'. But inasmuch as this practice is one of the chief features of competitive business one may ask how the consumer can avoid paying for such competition as long as the industry remains in private hands.

A comparison of bread costs in Canada with those in other parts of the Empire shows that the costs of delivery and sale are the factors in Canadian prices which give rise to the greatest discrepancy. For all Canadian bakeries the costs of delivery and sale formed 23.4 per cent. of total costs in 1929 compared with 15.4 per cent. for New Zealand (1930) and 13.7 per cent. for the United Kingdom (1923). Both in Ontario and Quebec the delivery and sales costs were higher than the Dominion average. In some of the larger eastern cities the costs of distribution were more than 30 per cent. of the total costs. The Registrar points out that 'it is not a high weekly wage that raises the distribution cost per pound of bread; it is the excessive duplication of bakery routes and the requirement that the man who delivers bread shall spend a large portion of his time selling other things that are more difficult to sell and canvassing for new customers for his firm. If he gave all his time to the mere delivery of bread the cost per pound of bread would be reduced without any reduction in wages.' As there are approximately 900,000,000 pounds of bread sold in Canada each year a reduction in price by one cent per pound would result in a saving to the consumer of nine million dollars. If the bread-baking were operated in an efficient manner in the interests of the consumer there is no reason why the price of bread could not be reduced by two cents per pound.

It must be clear from the foregoing analysis that the public can expect no relief from the burdens of financial control and wasteful distribution as long as the industry is operated for profit and not service. In other words, until the production and distribu-

tion of bread are regarded primarily as a means of providing the public with one of the necessities of life, the exploitation of the consumer must continue. But there is no justification for allowing the direction of this industry to remain in private hands. The demand for bread is one of the most stable in our economy and the quality of the product can be standardized to meet all reasonable choice or taste. If we ever make an effort to bring our industry and commerce under rational control one of the first measures to be adopted should be the formation of a council to develop standards in the operations of the distributive trades. As soon as such standards have been worked out there should be a rapid municipalization of the bread-baking industry in all the cities of Canada. With the assistance of an expert governmental body adequate control should be established over bread production and distribution in urban centres; and the economies of large-scale production along with the savings from the removal of duplication of services could be passed on to the consumer in the way of lower prices. While one may suspect that a good deal of educative work will have to be done before the public will support programmes of rational development in other fields of trade, there is some ground for hoping that the commencement of economic planning for our stable industries may not be long delayed.

RUSSIAN HIGHLIGHTS

V.

The Young Idea

A SOCIALIST state must be essentially a planned state, and in the Soviet Union there is no phase of life which is not touched by the social plan. The rapid development of industry, and the complete 'liquidation' of unemployment in the U.S.S.R.—during a period when the economic machinery has been in reverse in every other industrial country—has sharply called attention to the advantages of a planned system of production. It is fairly easy to enumerate and describe the engineering achievements which have been carried out under the Five-Year Plan, the construction of a basic heavy industry, the building of new railway lines, new factories, hydro-electric plants, hospitals, workers' clubs, and other segments of the new social system. These things are important in any modern state but they do not, in themselves, create a new society. Steel and concrete, oil and coal—these are the foundation stones for a powerful industrial community, but mere bulk of these inanimate things does not change a competitive society into a socialist society.

The education of the great mass of the Russian people along social lines is a larger problem—and a much more difficult undertaking—than the building up of a heavy industry or the socialization of agriculture. And this is, obviously, the most essential feature of the plan. Millions of Russians of the older generation find difficulty in adapting themselves to new conditions and new ideas. Illiterate peasants, whose lives were warped by the oppression of a semi-feudal system and whose minds were darkened by

superstition, cannot easily turn aside from the narrow individualism of the small self-contained village economy. Some of the older people have shown remarkable powers of self-adaptation, some—but not all. With the younger generation it is different. They have everything to learn, and nothing to unlearn. The young people of the U.S.S.R. have accepted the new order, the Soviet system, the ideology of communism. They are accepting the principle of a planned system, they are part of the Plan, and they will be the builders and the owners of the new socialist state.

* * *

Everywhere in Russia the children receive special attention and privileges. Although great efforts have been made in the last year or two to secure an adequate supply of dairy products there is still a noticeable shortage of milk and butter, particularly in the large cities. Special ration-cards are issued for children, and they receive an extra allowance of such foods as butter, milk, eggs, and sugar. There have been times when the shortage of some of these foods has been so acute that there was not a sufficient quantity for general distribution, and on these occasions the whole supply has gone to the children. In nearly all the schools a hot meal is supplied in the middle of the day, and extra rations of milk are given to any child that shows any signs of under-nourishment. Every child, up to the age of eight or nine, has an hour's rest at mid-day. This is carried out in the schools, the factory nurseries, and even on some of the collective farms. Beds and covers are provided in all these institutions, and at noon all the youngsters are tucked in, under charge of a nurse, and must remain quiet—even if they do not go to sleep—for an hour. In many places the children take their rest period out in the open air, even in the cold weather. In many cases the beds are placed in an open shed or summer-house in a garden, and when taking this fresh-air treatment Young Russia is well wrapped up in sleeping-bags and blankets. Outdoor sports are encouraged, both in summer and winter; nearly every child in Russia seems to have a hand-sleigh, and an increasing number have skis and skates as well.

* * *

In the Kazan railway station in Moscow there is a special department for travelling mothers and children. Every year millions of Russians, workers and peasants and their families, come to Moscow for a visit, or stop over for a few hours in transferring from one railway line to another. Instead of leaving the children on the hard benches of the waiting-rooms or on the station platforms they are now taken to special rest-rooms. They are given a warm shower-bath, their clothes are washed and fumigated, and, if it is late, they are put to bed. A room is also equipped for nursing mothers. Special meals are provided for the children at a low cost, and if the parents have little or no money they are fed without charge. Nurses are in attendance, and the older children are kept amused with books and games, play dominoes and card games, and some of them entertain themselves with coloured crayons and paints. This is an excellent system, both in the

interest of the children and the parents. The mother, after a long railway journey, is apt to be tired and irritable, and she can check her offspring at the rest-room with the knowledge that they will be safe and comfortable until she returns.

* * *

The elementary school 'October Revolution' in Kharkov is a typical unit of primary education, operated under proletarian direction. Many of the parents of the pupils in this school work in a factory in which electrical equipment is manufactured, and the workers of the factory are patrons of the school. This patronage system is not an empty formality, but represents a real community of interest between the two institutions. The system in force in this school was largely developed by the workers themselves, with a certain amount of technical assistance from educational specialists. A committee of the workers is always present at all teachers' conferences and takes an active part in discussions dealing with all the problems of the school. In addition to this collective supervision, everything is done to encourage the cooperation of individual parents, and opportunities are made for consultations between teachers and parents in connection with particular problems of each child. They discuss the treatment of the children at home as well as at school. On the other hand the Young Pioneer detachments of the school play a large part in the social work, not only of the school, but also of the patron factory. The Pioneers are responsible for the political education of the children, and it was largely due to their efforts that almost 100 per cent. of the adult workers in the factory took part in the last soviet elections.

The general theory of education in this school is based on the principle that every child should have a thorough knowledge of the processes of production and should become expert in the handling of tools. The pupil should be trained in the theory and application of science, and should understand the principles of socialist construction. Physics and biology are studied in the higher grades in well-equipped laboratories, and there are also courses in literature, comparative religions and superstitions, and other subjects. This is a ten-year course, with 20 classes and 10 grades, covering the ages of from 8 to 17 years. After the fourth grade every pupil spends at least one hour in every five-day week in the school work-shops—both metal and wood-working, and both the teachers and the children take this manual training very seriously. Some of the work turned out by the children in the upper grades is very good, and the girls seem to be just as keen and just as proficient in their handling of light machinery as the boys. Engineers from the factory give lectures to the upper classes on the fundamentals of industry, and from the fifth grade up, all pupils spend two hours in each ten days working in the factory. The 7th and 8th grades help in assembling electric motors in the factory assembly-room. Most of the children from this school will, of course, become industrial workers when they graduate, but individual talents are carefully watched for, and special studies and voluntary classes in art, music, and literature are provided.

* * *

Each class elects its own chairman, secretary, and monitor, and also hygiene, library, and materials committee. A pupils' committee of 25 is elected by the children for the whole school, and this appoints its own chairman, secretary, and sub-committees on sports, hygiene, etc. Each class committee is responsible for the discipline of the class, and each class has its group of young 'Shock Brigaders' who voluntarily set the pace for their class. Absentees affect the class standing and are dealt with by the committee. If a child is absent for more than a certain period a deputation will visit the home to make enquiries. The spirit of emulation is developed along the lines of 'socialist competition', and charts and diagrams in the main corridor of the school show the standing of each class from day to day.

* * *

There are no juvenile courts in the U.S.S.R. Juvenile delinquents are dealt with by a Commission, which comes under the Department of Education—not under the Department of Justice. This, in itself, indicates a new attitude towards the young offender. Some of the cases dealt with by this Commission are sent to children's homes or communes, and one of these is the Dzherzhinsky Commune, which is situated in the country a few miles out of Kharkov. This commune is run by the G.P.U.—the secret police—and was originally established for the *bezprizorni*—the waifs of the revolution and of the great famine. Here are now 250 boys and 90 girls, of ages from 12 to 18, most of them waifs before coming to the commune. This establishment is self-supporting, a factory in which tools for the electrical industry are made forms part of the commune, and it has an output valued at four million rubles a year. The pupils spend four and a half hours a day in school and four hours working in the factory. The graduates usually go from here, at the age of eighteen, to the Kharkov Engineering Institute. There are no wardens or guards at the commune, and the staff consists entirely of technical instructors. The school is organized into units, sections, etc., and the commanders of these are elected by the pupils. The Council of Commanders control the discipline, oversee the work in the factory, and are generally responsible for the organization and management of the commune. A few years ago most of these youngsters were thieves, hoboes, young criminals—or potential criminals. Today it would be difficult to find—anywhere—a better looking lot of young boys and girls. Healthy, well set up, well-educated and well-behaved, these are good citizens manufactured out of the most unpromising material. Is it necessary to stress the obvious conclusion that 'criminals' and 'good citizens' are made out of exactly the same stuff?

J. F. WHITE



TRYING TO TEACH CHRISTIANS ETHICS

By ERNEST DEANE

THE near dismissal of Professor King Gordon, of the United Theological College, Montreal, illustrates in a striking manner just what dangers face the churchman of today who has the courage to test the social order in which he lives by the principles of Christianity. Professor Gordon is the son of a distinguished Canadian, Dr. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, better known under his pen-name of Ralph Connor. He is a graduate of the University of Manitoba, where he won a Rhodes Scholarship. On his return from Oxford he entered the United Church, and after some experience as a minister in Manitoba and further academic training at Union Seminary, New York, he was called to the chair of Christian Ethics at the United Theological College in Montreal in 1931. His birth, training, and personal achievement have thus particularly fitted him to bring to his teaching the outlook of the younger generation in Canada. Professor Gordon immediately began to make his influence felt in the community. Disregarding the Canadian tradition that the place of the university professor, when not in the classroom, is in the home, he frequently voiced, from the pulpits and platforms of Montreal, the opinion that if the present social system was to be made Christian it would have to be radically altered. The Church, in his view, is obliged to take sides in the present struggle between the two opposing philosophies of capitalism and Christian socialism, and he did not hesitate to make clear that it should not be on the side of capitalism. He also committed the indiscretion of visiting the Soviet Union, and commenting favourably in public upon many aspects of the Russian experiment.

Influential people in Montreal are not accustomed to this sort of Christianity. They prefer their ministers and priests to deal with more spiritual matters, or, if they must be political, to denounce Communism. It was not long before Professor Gordon found himself in difficulties. Last March the governors of the College—amongst whom are several of Montreal's leading industrialists and financiers—announced that they had decided to balance the college budget by giving up the teaching of Christian Ethics. They intimated that the step was in accordance with a recommendation of the General Council of the United Church, which had advised the reduction of college staffs from five professors to four. Unfortunately it has transpired that the recommendation in regard to reduction of staff was expressly stated to come into effect by June 1934 only; and further, in so far as economy was concerned, it appears that there had been no reduction in the college salaries before the moment when it was decided to economize by turning out one of five full-time professors. In the face of these facts the governors can hardly complain if their action has been widely interpreted as a deliberate and underhand attempt to remove a man whose opinions they disliked—an attempt, in other words, to deny the church its right to pronounce unfavourable moral judgements upon our political and economic institutions.

If this were the real motive behind the dismissal,

the governors seriously misjudged both the popularity of Professor Gordon and of the point of view for which he stands. Immediately on receipt of the news the rank and file of the church rose to protest. The College Alumni Association and the United Church Ministerial Association passed resolutions urging a reconsideration of the step. The other professors unanimously volunteered to make up the economy by taking a larger cut in salary than was to be required of them. The students met and offered to pay higher fees; undergraduates of Queen's Theological College even wired an offer to lead a nation-wide student protest. A group of outside friends of the Church personally guaranteed a stipend to the college for Professor Gordon. The governors were forced to meet again, and they decided that the offers would be accepted. Professor Gordon's position was thus saved. The United Theological College is to continue teaching ethics for another year.

The incident is significant in more ways than one. It indicates that the United Church is split, just as society at large is split, by the challenge of social reconstruction. It shows that the rank and file of the Church, if not already converted to the new thought, are determined to defend their right to preach it. Above all, the affair demonstrates the effectiveness of organized protest on the part of liberal elements. Professor Gordon has not been dismissed because of the solidarity of those who supported him. This is the first time since the depression started that a Canadian college has attempted to remove a professor of radical views. It is not likely to be the last; our educational institutions, ecclesiastical and lay, are still governed for the most part by bank directors and corporation presidents. It must be trying for some of these men to be asked to contribute moneys to colleges that harbour nasty people like socialists and radical reformers. But perhaps the case of Professor Gordon will help them to realize that when they act as governors of colleges they are acting as trustees for a set of educational principles, and that many people in Canada will fight for an educational system in which the teachers are free to express their own ideas and to pursue the truth in whatever guise it may appear to them.

Those who attended the recent Convocation of the United Theological College, at which the decision to retain Professor Gordon was announced amid student cheers, report that it was a touching sight to see the assembled body of governors, clerics and friends rise to sing a hymn whose opening line ran:—

'Dismiss me not thy service, Lord'.

DIVINE TITILLATION

O, what human chaff!
Trying to tickle my feet
With spires! . . . What conceit!
Indeed you make me laugh!

ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

AGRICULTURE AND SOCIALISM

By E. A. BEDER

IT seems to be generally accepted by the leaders of the farmer groups in Ontario, that the one word that must be kept from the farmer in any of the problems that confront him is the word 'socialism'. This is equivalent to a doctor treating a patient for diabetes and being forbidden to mention the word 'insulin'. That is to say, the one remedy that is available for the plight of the farmer is ruled out in advance simply because the farmer, in common with the rest of the elements of our population, has a confused and totally erroneous conception of what Socialism is and what his position would be if he ever got around to adopt it.

It is this confusion of the mind rather than the low price of hogs, dairy produce, or potatoes that is, at bottom, the cause of the desperate position of agriculture. For, if the mind of the farmer could clearly envisage a new social order and its economic workings in relation to himself and industry, the price of commodities would no longer loom up as a tragedy for those on the farm, but would in effect be just another reason for changing the economic system and securing for the farmer a more equitable share of the national income.

In all discussions of agriculture and socialism in Ontario there is evident a marked evasion of the real issues, a speciousness designed to head off any serious consideration of the socialist viewpoint. There is a hurried and frantic assembling of certain facts and their utter distortion to the end that the 'menace' of Socialism be quickly removed from the mind of the farmer. Because of their fear of the word, farm leaders are content to muster the most absurd arguments as to what Socialism means to agriculture and to solemnly present them as reasons for 'leaving the farmer alone'.

There is the argument:

- (a) There is no need to socialize the farmer. The farmer is under 'social control' since he sells his goods in a world market.

What the supporters of this theory really mean is that the farmer sells his goods in a free trade market and so is at the mercy of world competition. Referring to the price he gets in such a market as one established by 'social control' is certainly a piquant way of expressing it. A price level determined by the full competitive force of world producers is surely the reverse of social control. It is fundamentally 'unsocial control' that has produced it.

There is the argument:

- (b) The farmer is already socialized since he does not make a profit on what he produces.

Behind this rather naive definition of Socialism there runs the full anger of the farmers at industry built up by tariffs and trade agreements which take monopoly prices from the farmers. Every farmer is sore at this state of affairs, high prices for what he buys, low prices for what he sells, and having heard somewhere that Socialism means no profits, and being in that position himself, he leaps at the idea that industry should be in the same boat. Hence he is quite ready to proclaim that he is already socialized and now wants industry to be likewise operated without any profit. To this mind Socialism is just a method of revenge on the wicked industrialists.

Is there no other conception of Socialism in the minds of the farmers? There is.

- (c) Socialism means lower interest for the farmer and higher prices for his products.

Since this is what every farmer wants, it may be asked why aren't they all Socialists on the farm by now? The answer to this is that this particular conception of Socialism is only referred to by farm leaders in their lyric flights. It is the dream of all farmers and is treated as such by them. As a matter of practical operation it sounds too good to be true and so the picture is reserved by them for another world—a spare heaven. Because as a practical man the farmer cannot see how it can be done.

The idea that higher prices for commodities could be obtained if there was control of agricultural production is not a popular one with the farmer. Questioned on this point a spokesman for the farmers of Ontario was so fearful of the word 'control' that he was driven into saying that higher prices would lead to farmers voluntarily producing less. They would be glad not to have to work so hard. Such a statement clearly indicates how in Ontario the real question is being shirked. Is the farmer prepared to accept control of production? If he is not, no specious arguments or revenge motives can help the farmer. Until the farm leaders present the socialist case honestly to the men on the farm, nothing of any avail can be produced that will solve the problems that now drag the farmers down.

What is the socialist case? Simply this. It is not a question of high prices or low prices for farm commodities, it is a question of the relationship between the prices the farmer gets and the prices of the goods the farmer buys. A socialist state would set up a planned economy to maintain this balance of prices, and the only way this balance can be maintained is by controlling the production of manufactured goods and the production of agricultural commodities. To balance the farmer's standard of living with that of the industrial worker it may be necessary to set a price of a dollar a bushel for wheat. The same with hogs, with milk, with anything else the farmer produces. But this price can only be maintained on certain maximum quantities that the economic plan calls for. It would not be workable, for instance, if the quota on wheat was set for 200 million bushels and the farmer sent to market 400 million. That would upset the apple-cart. The economy of the country would become lopsided. It follows then that the farmer must accept control of production if he is to obtain the benefits that will accrue to him by virtue of this acceptance. This control is for his own good, it is the only way he can be saved from the 'social control' of world competitive markets.

Why are the leaders of the farmers' groups in Ontario afraid to expound this socialist plan? Simply because 'control' to them means collectivization. And the thought of going out to the farmers in this province and mentioning 'collectives' causes them to wilt and to think up the most fantastic reasons for dodging the issue.

Granted that it would be politically unwise for farm leaders to urge collectivization in these parts

at present, does it necessarily follow that control of farm production does mean the collective? After all, the problem that faces us just now is not production but curtailment of production. It is not a question of still more efficiency but of securing co-operative action in the marketing of farm products.

You cannot give a farmer a slip of paper and tell him to produce so much and no more. No farmer can tell in advance what his crop will be, and there are other difficulties in relation to perishable products. But all these difficulties can be solved by averaging out. A single farmer cannot be assigned a quota but over a region a quota can be set up and all the farmers within that region can receive an average return on what that region produces. It is not impossible to work out a plan to such an end, it means only that the farmers in any region accept the principle of cooperation. It means, too, that no farmer can become a law unto himself and refuse to cooperate with the production plans of his region. This may be something new to some farmers, but so is the plight in which they find themselves today.

In Ontario it is unnecessary for the farmer to go into collectives if his mind is against such schemes. True enough such a sentiment shows a painful lack of knowledge as to the meaning of the collective, its high cultural purpose, and the superior social benefits it could offer; but this is not the crux of the difficulty. It is the principle of cooperative effort that must be accepted. The socialist state says to the farmer, produce less and we will pay you more—but you must learn to cooperate in production.

This is what the 'horrors of socialism' means to agriculture. Have the leaders of the farmers a better—or any other—way out?

THE REBIRTH OF GERMANY

THERE is no doubt that the European situation has been completely changed since March, 1933.

For the German Republic which was set up in 1918 then collapsed with startling suddenness, and almost every trace of it has been since removed to make room for a new Germany, which in its appearance of unity both in sentiment and purpose bears a remarkable likeness to the Germany of 1914, when it found itself surrounded by encircling armies, and which moreover in the last few weeks has actually achieved a political unity, under one strong central government, more complete than it has ever known for a thousand years. At the head of this government is the leader of a popular party, who has been carried on a wave of ever-increasing enthusiasm through the bitterest opposition and hatred to a position of almost unrestricted dictatorship; and, if we may judge at all by the birthday celebrations of April 20th, his prestige has considerably advanced since he took office, both among his own party and also among his former opponents and critics in all parts of Germany. It is less surprising but not less important to see with what dangerous intensity a people who have suffered much in the last two decades are devoting themselves afresh to a new nationalism—symbolized by the Nazi and the old imperial flags flying side by side—which is the one vital force making and shaping the new era.

Even if there had been no anti-Semitic outrages, and even if the reactionary and monarchist elements had been more cautiously camouflaged, such a re-awakening of a youthful, vigorous, and incredibly hopeful people would have been in itself sufficient to have brought forth in the minds of its neighbours a certain anxious excitement and foreboding. It is true that the Treaty of Versailles has not yet been torn up, but its work is almost done. It made it impossible for the German Republic, founded at Weimar, to survive; it made it inevitable that the new Fascist state, fitly inaugurated at Potsdam and dedicated as it were at the tomb of Frederick the Great, should have something of the character and dignity of a glorious national restoration. And now of course there is nothing to prevent a re-arming of Germany, doubtless to be pretty well completed within the four-year plan, which will make it possible for her to demand more effectively—that is, in a manner which alone seems to have any effect on the conscience of the civilized world—a removal of some of the bonds which were so ingeniously wound around her.

The actual feeling in Germany now is, I think, not unfairly given in a recent letter from the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* commenting on Hitler's pacifist inclinations. He writes:—

All evidence available to the observer on the spot indicates that this Germany, in its present mood, is inspired by the determination to recover almost all it has lost and that it has little hope of doing so by peaceful means in the long run. The Eastern expansion policy represented by Herr Rosenberg, the new Nazi Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, would seem to carry its gaze still farther afield.

The military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles must be regarded as virtually dead. Germany is determined to have equality of armament at the earliest possible moment, pacts or no pacts, and nothing short of force is likely to stop her. Captain Goering's ideas about aviation are not hard to gather; General von Schleicher's 'field exercise' schemes are well under way; some of the auxiliary police are to undergo proper training courses; labour conscription is in preparation; and conscription of any kind is a useful foundation for modern war organization. Nor need all this be recorded unsympathetically; it is natural. Influential Germans do not see 10 years elapsing before the war they regard as natural or inevitable breaks out in Europe. One may hear five or six years mentioned. When it does come they hope to be ready. 'Meanwhile', as I wrote in my article, 'peace is wanted'.

But it may of course be objected that Germany is still only united in appearance, and that the present government, although freed from the annoyance of Parliamentary interference, is threatened by grave dissensions even within the Cabinet; and that although the circumstances of the moment made it possible for Hitler to achieve a large measure of political success, at least in domestic politics, yet the economic, financial, and social problems which remain to be solved must necessarily force him to decide ultimately whether he is really a Nationalist or a Socialist. He has some very difficult obligations to fulfil. On the one side he owes a good deal to the capitalist and agrarian groups, who enabled him to capture so easily the whole machinery of the state, and will expect due payment for their services; although he may well remember that those services were not offered until it was too late for them to do anything else. On the other side the more revolutionary elements of his own party, which are being considerably strengthened by the absorption of members of the completely discredited So-

cialist party—and possibly of the Catholic and Communist parties as well—will not be satisfied with anything else than a full programme of State Socialism.

The Marxist observer will of course insist that very little socialism is to be expected anyway. He will remind you that of the twelve members of the Cabinet eight belonged to the von Papen group, thus leaving the control of the army, the foreign office, and economic policy still in the hands of the conservatives and capitalists, while the faithful followers of Hitler have to be content with such spoils of office as were left for them by the dispossessing of socialist and democratic members of the administration and civil service. He will regard the present situation as merely a counter-revolution, in which reactionary forces have cleverly seized on a popular movement, and rendered it innocuous, by turning it to their own purpose.

But it must be remembered that Hitler himself has been given extreme dictatorial powers, and that he alone in the Cabinet has an overwhelming majority of supporters in the country. The effect of this can be already seen in the setting aside of von Papen in favour of Goering as Prime Minister of Prussia, and in the recent struggle between Goering and Hugenberg for the control of the Prussian ministry of agriculture. And already there seem to be few departments left without strong Nazi influence, with Herr Rosenberg as the new commissioner for foreign affairs, and Dr. Schacht, as President of the Reichsbank, entrusted with the carrying out of Hitler's financial policy. And there is no doubt that the National Socialists are a revolutionary party, whose main strength is drawn from that part of the professional and salaried middle-class, which have actually been proletarianized by the conditions existing in Germany since the war. It is therefore rather misleading to judge the German situation wholly in terms of out-of-date liberal or Marxist politics. The old parliamentary divisions between left and right exist no longer; the old well-marked divisions in the class struggle have also become hopelessly confused. It has been well said that 'in that moment when the old opposition between right and left disappeared simply because the Left had been entirely swept away, the Right then remained no longer Right, but became something new, different, for which there is as yet no name. The removal of polarity is the particular mark of revolutions. In this sense it is correct to call what has happened in Germany actually a revolution, although it has taken place in an absolutely evolutionary manner. . . . But the disappearance of the polarity between Right and Left does not at present signify that the polarity between Nationalism and Socialism, which often coincides with the other, has also disappeared. On the contrary, the Right, because it has become instead of a fraction itself the whole, has taken over this polarity with it.'

At present it is not easy to detect from this distance anything except a shrill, violent, and most objectionable nationalism, which may be no doubt a reaction against some of the chaotic and disturbing influences which poured in from all sides upon post-war Germany. Out of that exciting ferment it once seemed possible that a people would be born, who, by reason of their central position in Europe

and of that richness and vitality which was due to the mingling of so many racial and cultural influences among them, might have discovered a way of life built on the best European traditions—and might have been proud, above all else, of drawing to themselves and generously welcoming all 'free and enlightened souls' wherever they came from. Instead of that, Germany is to be swept and garnished, forced again to the worship of that bare unlovely Prussian ideal—order and discipline, thrift and work. It is no wonder that the rest of the world is looking on anxiously, even among its own miseries aroused and disturbed, waiting until the process of cleaning is finished, until the four-years-plan is accomplished, in fear lest worse devils enter in and take possession there.

HERBERT DAVIS

CANADIAN Writers of the Past

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

VI

IT is not difficult to understand the impression which the work of Marjorie Pickthall made upon the Canadian public when her first volume, *The Drift of Pinions*, appeared in 1913. The poetic taste, of the kind which would appreciate her quality, had been greatly stimulated by two factors—the Celtic Renaissance, and the Pre-Raphaelite influence energized for a short period by the immense vogue of Francis Thompson. The library counters were busy dispensing *The Countess Cathleen*, *Deirdre of The Sorrows*, *The Blessed Damosel*, *The Shepherdess of Sleep*, and *The Hound of Heaven*. The New Poetry, whether of the Imagists like Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, and H.D., or of the Realists as represented by the Georgian Anthologies, had effected little, if any, infiltration, while the industrial blasts from Chicago, even granted they were heard, were repudiated as outside the province of art.

That Miss Pickthall had mastered the prevailing styles was clear from an examination of both the form and content of her work. The title of the first volume was taken from *In No Strange Land* of Thompson, and the influence of this poet was seen not only in her fondness for religious themes, but in the 'mystical approach', and in the sumptuous imagery with which she invested and sometimes over-apparelled the idea. The Celtic spell was upon her in the definite Yeatsian rhymes and in her mythopoeic tendencies, though she turned her face to Palestine rather than to Galway for her poetic lore.

There are two strands discernible in the texture of her verse on the metrical side—the Swinburnian prosody combined with the earlier and decorative Yeats, this second feature being a phase which the

Irish poet later abandoned in theory and practice. The chorus in *Atalanta*—the 'hounds of Spring', and 'the lisp of leaves and rattle of rain'—echoes in the excessive alliteration and assonance, in the deluge of liquids and sibilants, though of course the vast tonal effects of Swinburne were impossible because of the nature of Miss Pickthall's briefer compositions. The Yeats influence was a somewhat dangerous one, though quite intelligible in a young writer working under the glow of the contagion. (Masefield himself was under it in the 'nineties, producing emasculated hybrids until he discovered the native measure of his stride). As Miss Pickthall's first published material consisted of poems whose writing covered a term of many years without conscious reference to their integration in a printed volume, these discrepancies stand out the more prominently. Mannerisms strike the eye on every second page. Multitudes of moths flutter through the poems. The horns of elfland are blowing persistently, if faintly. Phrases of the lush variety are recurrent: 'Little lilting linnets; elfin trills; honeying pipes of pearl; honeyed dark; moth-winged winds of sleep.' The alliterative structures, though beautiful taken separately, cloy when they are pyramided. Examples of such 'verbal felicity' are *Bega* and *Armored*. This latter poem Yeats, twenty years ago, described as his favourite in the collection. Nevertheless, the value of these and kindred compositions resides more in the mechanics of the movement than in the emotional rendering of the ideas.

It is not in this type of verse where Miss Pickthall does her best work. It is rather when she forgets Swinburne and leaves to other writers the task of attending to the flight of wild swans over the Irish loughs that she takes on significance. And poems like *The Mother in Egypt*, *The Shepherd Boy*, *The Lamp of Poor Souls* started her reputation for the expression and control of tender moods, which no poet in Canada has surpassed. Certainly, no one has succeeded so well in exploring the sources of pathos and at the same time avoiding the slough of sentimentality. Whether it is the death of a bird or the death of a child, it is the utter simplicity of the speech which conveys the poignancy—a simplicity which unerringly finds its appropriate melodic setting. Strung to her own measures, her child themes have the authenticity of folk-songs, as rooted in natural feeling as the best poems of Moira O'Neil, Katharine Tynan, or Charlotte Mew.

In 1919 she achieved a notable success in *The Wood-Carver's Wife*, a one-act play based upon a French-Canadian scene. The National Community Players produced it in Montreal and later in the Hart House Theatre to highly appreciative audiences. This play, the finest single accomplishment of her life, and hailed by so many critics as the one outstanding drama of Canada, may be taken as the best approach to the evaluation of her gifts. It was her own favourite and she lavished her resources on it. It exhibits her excellences and her limitations. As poetic drama, with the tonal climaxes of its blank verse sections, with its lovely fashioned phrases and the general harmony of the mood, it secured unstinted praise. And it might be unjust to demand qualities precluded by the form. Still, the impression left is that it is ideas rather than persons that are on the stage. It is the Andrea del

Sarto conception presented again as an artistic thesis, but the dialogue, beautiful as it is, sacrifices dramatic tang and intimate characterization—always the peril of the mode unless superbly executed. Local colour has vanished. The scene, despite the references to familiar fauna and flora, might have been placed in Fiesole as in Quebec:—

Your face again. Why, now you are fulfilled
You will make my Mary perfect yet, your eyes
Now, now the barren houses of despair,
Of the passion that is none, of dread that feels
No dread for ever, of love that has no love,
Of death in all but death . . .

But first
Turn me her head a little to the shoulder
So the light takes the cheek, raise the calm hand
Clasping the sword, set the door wide, and go.
Now, now my Virgin's perfect. Quick, my tools!
O Mater Dolorosa! O Dorette!

It may help to explain Miss Pickthall's disappointment expressed in a number of her letters that the Community Players had 'prettified' Shagonas, the Indian lad. 'I can hardly bear to think that they made that suave little brute, Shagonas, into a sugary child.' But it wasn't the Players' mistake. The little scoundrel is visible only through the rose mist.

The same strains appear in her fiction, less perhaps in her admirable short stories than in her ambitious novels. The permanent value of her prose work consists in her sympathetic portrayal of child life and in the poetry of her nature descriptions. She can people the air with tanagers and blue-bills, etch shadows under poplars and birches, make kingfishers dive through a circle of lily-pads till the splash is audible, describe brown snakes crawling with the 'rustle of dry leaves', and unfold over pages at a stretch a panorama surpassed in richness of colour only by a Hudson or a Conrad. What she lacked was the broad psychological interpretation. Desirous of describing human struggle on wide areas, she never quite realized the oscillating crises. Nature was too close at hand with her medicinal plants to allow wounds to bleed sufficiently. And her Celtic love of symbolism was continually blurring our vision of the protagonists by intercepting barriers not less tantalizing because composed of ivory or sandalwood. The unlovely phases of life were repellent to her. Her expressed dislike of Ibsen and his school, the absence of any analysis of life on the side of its civilized contradictions, her complete immunity to cynical and satirical moods reveal a temperament which, common enough only twenty-five years ago, seems as far removed from contemporary psychology as the mental horizon of Galen would be from the thought of experimentation on the ductless glands.

E. J. PRATT.



LOTS MORE OF SOMETHING ELSE

By HAROLD J. STRONG

MONA stretched a green rubber bathing-cap over her hair and down over her ears. She tested the falling water with her hand—then edged in under the warm shower. She knew she was going to be late for work. She was considering whether to hurry and so be just a little late, or to dress leisurely and, for once, to let things go. Last week she had had a cut in pay. Maybe it was that which made her feel rebellious. Maybe it was the warm bath water. Maybe it was because this was her birthday and she was thirty. Mona put her hands above her head, let the warm water flow down her arms, under her arms, over her white skin—and decided not to hurry.

She had been hurrying for nearly six years. How many advertisements had she prepared in that time? Thousands! She had worked early and late. She had seen crowds surge into the store in response to her advertisements. She had smelled the odours of a crowded bargain basement. How she had striven to please Mr. Morris, the general manager! Her ear was tuned to his voice, and when she had heard it calling her down the corridor she had run—sometimes actually run—taking proofs, photographs—anything she thought might interest him.

Oh, yes, there was another side to it, too. They had been good to her, and she had liked it. Copy, headings, blueprints, proofs, conferences, increases in salary—these were what she had been living for. She had got a big kick out of it. She knew she was good. A girl's got to be good to earn eighty dollars a week. From now on she'd be getting seventy . . . Is that so! To hell with the July Sale, she thought. . . . Salary increases had kept her in bondage. Well, maybe that reduction would set her free.

She began adjusting the taps—cooler, cooler—Oh-o-o! Shivers! Then off. The last icy drip on her back made her gasp. She tossed her head, blinking her eyes to throw off drops clinging to her eyelashes. Then a rough towel, and three running jumps across the hall to her room.

Mona was wondering. That salary reduction galled her. If she could make such a success of writing ads she could make a success of other things too . . . finding a mate . . . having children. The store was beginning to get her goat. The attentions of the assistant rug-buyer annoyed her. 'That man!', she shivered. Yesterday he had run his fingers down her spine, and she had twisted to avoid him, and had gone over on her ankle. It still hurt.

With both hands she pulled one stocking up tighter . . . then the other . . . and wriggled her hips to make her dress fall evenly, smoothing down her wine-coloured dress over her hips with her palms. She daubed some powder on the almost invisible line of freckles that crossed the bridge of her nose. 'Thirty,' she told herself in the mirror.

Mona strode down the street to where she always took the street car. There was some ingredient in the morning air which fed her animal spirits. She drank in the air, liking the feel of it as it

extended her lungs—expanded her waist against the light pressure of silk and elastic. She walked as if proud of her breasts and her pliant back. Her knees kicked the pleats of her wine-coloured dress. A clump of garden heliotrope charged the air with its purple fragrance. Spikes of foxglove would un-sheath their blossoms with the sun of noon.

At a white stucco house near the corner she saw Elsbeth Mills' little boy out already in his coop on the lawn. How he hated his coop! He's far too big a youngster to be in that coop, she thought. He was leaning over the top rail almost tall enough to fall out—hat off, tousel-headed, brown eyes tearful, pleading with her.

She crossed the lawn and crouched down by his cage. 'What's all the trouble, big boy?'. Her fingers touched his silky auburn head. 'Want to escape from these bars and have some new experiences?'

The little fellow wiped out his eyes with the backs of his wrists, then looked at her, blinking his brown eyes—eagerly. He seemed to want to tell her something. His mouth would open and close—open and close—but no words came. Mona encouraged him to tell: 'What is it you want, dear?'

'I want,' he gasped, 'I want—,' then out popped the words: 'I want—lots more—of—of—of something else!'

Mona gasped too, then laughed a moment. Then she looked at him in wonder—smiling. 'Lots more of something else,' she said. 'That's what I want, too. I want lots more of something else, too.' She was sitting on her heels beside the coop. One of her knees was between the bars. She held his little body against her knees. Her fingers felt his tiny ribs and the buttons on his waist under his white cotton jersey.

But she could see her big red street car coming along Bloor Street. She gave him a gentle good-by spank, then got up and began to run, waving to him.

Across the road were the slim, tall pine trees of High Park. The ground beneath them was brown with pine needles, and farther along, thick, uncut grass was light green in the sun, and dark green on certain slopes that lay in shade.

The red car ground to a quivering stop, and its doors flipped open. She took two vigorous steps up, and the stuffy car enveloped her. She sat on the varnished seat and gazed back into the park. She would have liked to have gone over into High Park and to have sat on that painted iron bench. She wanted to walk for hours in High Park, resting sometimes on benches in the checkered shadows of oaks. . . . She would see rosy-cheeked toddlers with white-veiled nurses, and Belgian police dogs, and millions of dollars worth of pure gold glittering on the surface of Lake Ontario. . . . But she knew she couldn't do that. She was a creature of habit. She had to go to work in a department store—to be there every day at 8.30 a.m.—to work in an office that looked out on tar-and-gravel roofs and bill boards and the City Hall clock.

Mona began to be quite sorry for herself. Al-

ready the street car had carried her beyond the corner of Parkside Drive where the park ended, and she looked through the car windows at a motley row of store fronts. Her feeling of buoyant strength had gone and she sat relaxed, her feet close together, her hands limp in her lap. In the display window of a broad, red-fronted chain store she saw a thin young man in a white apron pasting window stickers against the glass—advertising with huge black prices, the day's special values. 'Good merchandising!' she thought. 'If all these other store-keepers knew their business they wouldn't be losing so much business to the big chains.' She felt that she would like to go into some of these stores and show the owners how to display their goods, how to advertise, how to merchandise seasonal stock. Oh, dear, dear! She was back again thinking about business. Her mind was in bondage. She jerked her gaze back into the car. . . . She decided to ask Bill Mallet to tea on Sunday. A couple of months ago he had asked her to a symphony concert, but she had told him she couldn't go—because she had undertaken to oversee the arranging of some table-setting exhibits at the store that night. He had not called her since. . . . Bill said he would come for tea on Sunday.

Bill was angular and strong, and had strong white teeth. He was a draughtsman in an architect's office on Bay Street. He sat in a rough grey tweed suit on the chesterfield, holding his cup of tea in his enormous hands, and told Mona about the fellows at the office. He told about the partners who owned the business—about the junior partner nicknamed 'Snappers' who was the meanest guy for detail he had ever known. To Mona, Bill seemed very young—about twenty-five, she decided. She felt that he had great possibilities.

Mona had on an imported model dress bought yesterday in the French Room, with the manager and two of the head saleswomen showering attention on her. She looked at Bill through her long lashes, and felt his eyes on her. Bill looked at Mona and told her that it seemed very strange to him that she should have such an important position in the business world. Mona let her head go back against the back of her chair, and gave him a clear look. Bill said: 'God, you have pretty eyes, Mona!'

That July Bill and Mona saw each other quite often—once or twice a week. Bill asked Mona to go paddling on the Humber. Then Mona planned a picnic to the Island and invited Bill. Once they played tennis, and on Saturday afternoon they walked along the board walk all the way from the Canoe Club to the Humber and back again. They walked with a free yet leisurely stride, enjoying the green-blue lake, and the crude music of the merry-go-round, and the many different types of people who sat on the benches or lay half-naked on the warm sand.

Bill told Mona about his work. He said he didn't think there was much chance for advancement where he was. Mona didn't say much about her own job. When she was with Bill it didn't seem important or interesting. She questioned Bill about his work, about the architects who ran the office, about the plans they were now working on, and about other jobs in prospect. Bill told Mona a lot

about the company he was with. He quite surprised himself by his enthusiasm. The routine of his work seemed important when he told it to Mona.

One night Mona and Bill got home very late from the theatre. Mona asked Bill to come in for a glass of ginger ale and a piece of cake. When they got into the hall Mona's mother called down saying that the *Globe* newspaper had called on the telephone and had left the message that something was missing from the ad which was to run the next morning. 'You're to call them back,' she told Mona.

Mona talked to the old Scot, McDonald, in the composing room of the *Globe*. She turned away from the telephone and said to Bill: 'My alleged mind wasn't functioning today, it seems. I've got to go down to the store for a cut.'

'For a what?'

'For a cut—an illustration. I can't think of any sure way of getting it to the paper without going for it myself.'

'Tell them,' suggested Bill, 'to hold out the ad and run it the day after.'

'No, no, I couldn't possibly do that!' She was a little irritated.

They got into Bill's old coupe and drove down through High Park and along Fleet Street, then up Yonge Street to the store. It was after midnight by the City Hall clock. Mona thumped the Queen Street door which she knew was nearest the night watchman's desk. The watchman peered through the glass, recognized Mona, drew the bolt and swung open the door. He said he was afraid they'd have to walk up.

They marched down the long marble aisle of the dimly-lighted store, between rows of display cases and figures covered with grey sheets—then began trudging up the wide staircase—up and around, up and around—flight after flight. They were both tired and a little sleepy. Mona staggered playfully, letting her head flop from side to side. Bill took Mona's hand. They smiled at each other at the unusualness of the situation. He pulled her over against him, and freeing his fingers from her hand, he held her body against his. Her heart gave two or three hard thumps as she felt his fingers sink into her side, then grasp the smooth edge of her hip bone. They stopped for a moment half way up a flight, panting for breath as if they had been running hard, then began again.

'Good night!' said a gruff voice as they rounded a landing.

'Good Lord!' murmured Bill.

He stopped short, and Mona walked ahead. A stocky man with a brown fedora hat, and his hands in his pockets, was leaning against the wall.

'How do you do,' said Mona. She moistened her lips, and holding her head high walked past trying to appear composed. Bill looked squarely at the stocky man and followed. When they had gone another flight he whispered, 'Who was that?'

'I don't know. They have very queer people around here at night.'

Bill edged over to the railing and looked obliquely down the well of the stairs. He could see a pair of legs coming up.

'Where's your office?' he asked.

'I'm all out of puff . . . watchman I suppose

... Down here.'

They walked along a strip of cocoa matting, Mona pushed open a door, and they went in. She groped for the cord, and pulled on the light.

'Say! You have a darn nice office.' He walked around the office—looked at a framed photograph of the store executives, and read the little cards on the drawers of her filing cabinets.

'Too much junk,' she apologized. Her sleepiness was all gone and she was excited and proud to show him her office. 'Yes, here's that cut!' She picked up the thin zinc engraving from her desk. 'Put it in your pocket, Bill.'

He sat down at her desk and grinned broadly at her.

She sat on the edge of the window sill—sitting on her fingers, her arms straight, shoulders raised—looking at him—trembling with happiness.

The store was utterly quiet. From out on the street came the faint clatter of a street car crossing an intersection. Bill swung back and forward in the swivel chair. He asked her who was in the office next her, and she told him about some of the others in the advertising department. He tapped the calf of his leg with her long ruler. The City Hall clock boomed its deep base notes for the half hour, and they listened to the reverberating after-hum.

'Look here,' said Bill, 'I have a terrific desire to give you a kiss, Mona. Do you know that?'

'No,' she said. 'How would I know?'

He got up and took her two hands and pulled her over, and she felt his hands pressing against her back, and she felt his teeth pressing his lips against hers, forcing back her head, and when he pushed her against the desk, the edge of the top caught the backs of her legs in such a way that she would have toppled over on the desk, except that his hands pressing against her back kept her from falling. . . .

In a very low voice she said: 'We must go—they'll be wondering what is keeping us up here.'

She pulled out the light, and he followed her out, and heard him following her along the strip of cocoa-matting.

Mona had to settle which it would be—the store or Bill. She decided not to go through another Christmas rush at the store. She and Bill were married the first week in December, and went to live in a lower duplex apartment on Yorkville Avenue where the rents were very low.

Mona felt that it would be much better to give her time to looking after Bill than to keep on her job. She felt that while Bill was now earning less than half what she had earned, he would make a success as an architect, and some day he would have an office of his own and would hire his own draughtsmen and would plan important buildings. She wanted to help him to succeed. She wanted to make a success of being a wife, just as she had made a success of writing ads. She felt that it was important that Bill should have good meals. She always got up in the mornings to give him his breakfast. No matter how she felt she got up in time to put on the coffee percolator, and to fry five slices of bacon, and to hand him his second slice of toast when he had finished his first. Sometimes

she felt sick in the mornings, but she always smiled at Bill over the breakfast table, and talked to him about what he would be doing that day, or about something else which she felt would interest him. After breakfast when Bill would get up to go she would put her head back and look at him in a way she had, and move her lips ever so slightly, and he would kiss her eager mouth. Sometimes he would kiss her casually as if he were thinking about something else, sometimes passionately with his fingers squeezing her shoulders or his palms pressed against her firm breasts. Then she would begin picking up their pretty green-and-yellow breakfast dishes, and carrying them into the kitchen. Sometimes after he had gone she would cling to the kitchen taps and vomit into the sink.

When the baby came they called it Elizabeth. . . . Mona uncurled the little fingers, and from the corners of her half-closed eyes tears slipped over cheek and spotted the pillow slip.

'Look at her little hands, Bill . . . the little nails.'

'They are just like other hands,' he said.

'Yes . . . that's what makes them such a miracle.' After a long pause she said: 'I am far, far happier now, Bill. . . . Before this I never knew what it was to use every bit of myself. You know—my mind, my body . . . I use every bit of me now. . . . That work of mine at the store seems utterly unimportant to me now.'

'Yes, but the money wasn't unimportant. . . . We can't afford to have children. . . . But, say, it'll be great having her, won't it, Mona?'

Spring was slow in coming, summer followed with a rush, and was desperately hot.

The kitchen screen-door creaked and slammed as Mona came out carrying a white enamel basin. She had on a yellow cotton dress without sleeves, and her bronzed arms were tense from the weight of the basin. Her hair was damp and combed behind her white ears, away from her bare forehead. She put the basin on the grass and began lifting napkins from it and hanging them on a wire strung from the porch post to the back fence. She hung them so that each was draped between two clothes pins. One of them fell on the black cinder path and she picked it up very quickly and shook it out. Her arms and back moved in rhythmic order as she stooped down, then straightened, reaching from the basin to the line, and to a bag on the fence from which she took handfuls of clothespins. The scorching sun beat down on the bronzed curves of her shoulders and arms, and on her quick, educated hands.

Bill sat on the porch, his feet up on the rail. 'This is a Hell of a way to spend Saturday afternoon!' he said.

She picked up the empty basin, and walked up the steps to the porch. . . . She didn't know whether to tell him now or to wait for a more opportune time. Beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead and around her mouth. Her dress was clinging to her uncomfortably. She drew in a deep breath, and blew on her hot arms—blew away a whisp of hair that bothered her face.

'We haven't been able to do anything or go anywhere for months,' he complained.



CARGO OF COMPETITORS EN ROUTE TO REGENCY



LAST-MINUTE SHYLOCK PLEADINGS

THE UN-DRAMA FESTIVAL

'Now I thought Ben was better than he ever'
'But Wat a play, oh mortify me Barrie'
'I like a play with sentiment' and 'If that's
the kind of helmet wore in Bess's day
then Raleigh was put on the spot by a gangster.'

'Now I always thought of this country as rigorous,
vigorous, a mixed people with dialects and other
unaccustoms. And so what art, the same.
Bold patterns, vivid language, almost primitive plots,
Should close to its earliest history mean a thing.
Again how close to such a young race be its drame?'
'As close as always paint and carving is, to a be-
ginning.

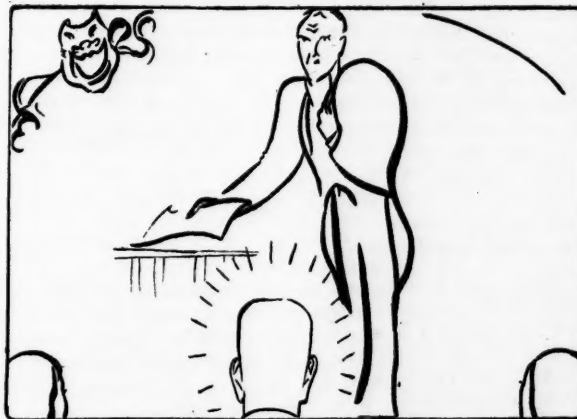
Tribal dance, fearsome ceremony appeasing un-
known gods.

But our people brought an already civilized form
No yowlings to thunder or tides of the sea.

Shakespeare.

He colours all of us as does the rest of our heritage,
Wealthy it is from Scotland, Ireland, France.

So under us is this unbroken soil, though round us
flow voices from the Motherland.



FINALE—THE ADJUDICATOR

THE CANADIAN DRAMA FESTIVAL FROM THE COMPETITORS' POINT OF VIEW

By PEGI NICOL

She smiled at him, a sort of benign light in her eyes—and smoothed her hair back over her ears. . . . Yes, she would wait. . . . She sat on a low chair, raising and lowering her dress an inch or two several times to create a breeze under her dress. . . . 'It's hot, isn't it?' she said. 'Let us ask mother to come in tonight to look after Elizabeth. We could run over to see Jean and David.'

'Good idea,' he agreed. 'I think I'll go up and have a bath. You telephone to see if it's OK to go.'

As he went in, the screen door gave its customary double squeak and bang. In a few moments there was a wailing cry. Mona got up and took a brown rubber sheet and a white cotton sheet from the porch railing, and spread them in the high-sided iron crib in the corner of the porch. Bill's voice was calling to tell her that Elizabeth was awake.

Yes, she would wait till after the party tonight to tell him. They would have had some fun with Jean and David. It would be a good time to tell him tonight. . . . She would tell him tonight that there was going to be another baby.

TREES

The tall society of trees;
enormous girths of crinkled bark
and wide outspread of leaves
that bend and wave in sky
as if there were no end—
and all the world were trees
and undulating motion.
Upon my back I lie entranced;
am gathered in the swing of limbs
that bow and curve half-way
to heaven. God in misery
must have found his trees
a consolation—and they
his legacy to men. That's why
I came to them tonight, and why
I lie in this tall grass;
they comfort me.

G. A. NEWMAN

SONG (2)

Then hear, my Beloved:

Each time I come to thee I shall hold in my arms,
A vessel containing the purest waters of love.
I will place it humbly at your feet,
For you to drink deeply of its sources,
And you shall know for certainty
That my offering is an undefiled one.
And its abundant rain shall strengthen and uphold you,—
Shall cause to blossom all the days of your manhood.

But should your love fail me in truthfulness,
Swerve from the exalted place it now holds,
The source of my spring shall dry up
In the dust of death, forever and forever.

JENA SIVITZ

THE APOSTLE

As I was walking Granville Bridge,
I met an Oxford Scholar,
His dress was neat, his voice was sweet,
He had a clean white collar.

And thus I spoke to him 'Young man,
I see you're from New College,
I'll hearken well, if you will tell
To me your sum of knowledge.'

The Oxford Scholar, smiling, spake
In almost pure Oxonian,
And yet there was, or I mistake,
A hint of the Bostonian.

'We travel pullman, and we preach
At various points en route,
Absolute purity we teach
And candour absolute.

Like lilies of the field we take
No thought for food or raiment,
Our bills are paid, our table's laid:
We ask no other payment.

'Tis wealthy sinners that we nurse,
To bring them to conversion,
We touch their hearts, and eke their purse;
They well repay exertion.

We know there is more joy in heaven,
Over a rich man's soul,
Than over seventy-thousand seven
That live upon the dole.

Ours is no economic craze;
We tell the old, old story,
We show the error of their ways,
To Communist and Tory.

And thus we turn the people's mind,
From thoughts of social change,
And keep them tethered, lest we find
Too radical a range.

And so you see, the powers that be,
Further our plans with unction,
We guard, you know, the *status quo*,
And that's no trivial function.'

I cried, 'I thank you, Oxford Scholar,
How sweet are learning's laws!
I humbly beg you, take this dollar,
To help the noble cause.'

'Ah, no, kind sir,' the Scholar said,
'We never pass the hat,
But cheques by mail can hardly fail—
We'll not say no to that!'

And thereupon on Granville Bridge,
I parted with the Scholar,
Though sweet his voice, yet I rejoice
That I have kept my dollar.

K. M. PORTSMOUTH

CRITICS, CRITICISM, AND CRITERIA

By STEPHEN ELYOT

WHEN an article of mine entitled 'Science and Criticism' appeared in the March issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, I had no idea that it was the beginning of what now threatens to become a major controversy on the pages of this very interesting journal. The rejoinder which Mr. C. J. Eustace made to that article in the following issue, pointed and stimulating as it was, gave no indication that the discussion would be carried beyond the stage of a minor intellectual skirmish. Shortly after, however, I found that 'Science and Criticism' had attracted some attention as far off as England, Mr. Allan Monkhouse having commented on it at some length in the *Manchester Guardian*. That, I felt sure, was the end of it, but as I was later to discover, Mr. Paul Kelly by this time was buckling on a suit of Marxian armour and heading for the lists. His article, 'Art and Criticism: A Marxian Interpretation', made its appearance in the May issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM in which he claims for Marxism the distinction of being the only scientific approach to art and therefore to aesthetic experience. As was to be expected in a quarrel of this magnitude, the source of it has suffered considerably from being in the unhappy position of a buffer between fundamentally different schools of thought. In some cases this highly contentious article has been misunderstood; in others it has been misinterpreted and misquoted to suit at least one replicant's desire for stronger objections than a more accurate rendering would allow. The offender in this latter respect is Mr. Kelly.

It is difficult to understand how one who claims to possess the only scientific criticism should have failed to provide a better example of it than he has given us in 'Art and Criticism: A Marxian Interpretation'. One is struck by the thought that even if we were able to formulate a New Criticism, the possibility of its being misused by incompetent people would always be present. In this article we have the instance of a good school of thought badly represented. A careful reading shows that Mr. Kelly, in introducing his subject, found it expedient to dispose of both Mr. Eustace and myself with one blow. The easiest method of accomplishing this was to turn me into an idealist and put me beside Mr. Eustace *in vacuo*. This done, he then proceeds to throw large chunks of Plekanov at us which he had lifted almost bodily from that gentleman's *Fundamentals of Marxism* for the occasion. The only mention which Mr. Kelly deigns to make of Plekanov is to give him credit for a statement which belongs to Marx. Not satisfied with trying to knock a materialist down with materialism because I did not digress on the social basis of practical science, he has me 'visualizing art in the ideal sense also as "creating new values".' I deny categorically that there is any such statement in my first article. The statement which Mr. Kelly has misused here refers, not to art, but to science. It occurs at the end of the first paragraph as follows: 'Science, in this sense, is a kind of intellectual ethic which has created a new concept of truth and with it a new standard of intellectual values.'

Now if this were a single instance I would not hesitate to forgive Mr. Kelly for having made an unfortunate slip. But that is obviously not the case. It is clear from several of his statements that he was prepared to invent opposition at any price. For example, in the face of my unequivocal admission that 'the question of how much of the scientific spirit can be infused into criticism is a complete discussion in itself', Mr. Kelly prefers to claim, apparently to provide another shot for his literary gun, that my article was actually a formulated method of scientific criticism. This enabled him to make the imposing pronouncement which gave Mr. Eustace the credit for 'demolishing Elyot's pseudo-scientific method'. A fine roar, but a blank cartridge. One cannot demolish what does not exist. Thus does Mr. Kelly believe that the subject should be changed to suit the criticism; that the man should be cut to suit the clothes. Thus is it possible for sophistry to masquerade in the guise of 'the only scientific approach'. Let it be said, however, in fairness to the sociological interpretation of literature, that I believe it to be a factor which no really modern critic can afford to disregard. Indeed, if he does disregard it he is not modern. The aristocratic theory of tragedy which permeated European literature up until the eighteenth century, and which held that only eminent and noble persons could people a tragedy, can be adequately explained in terms of the then existing social relations. The sociological interpretation is necessary to understand, for example, why Hardy's *Tess*, the tragedy of a humble, simple, rather dull country lass, could not have been written, much less thought of, in the heyday of Elizabethan tragedy. The buskin depended upon a system of patronage, less direct in its form perhaps than was the case with book-writing, but nevertheless as actual and as indispensable. It might even have been more so, for the actors of the day were drawn from an inferior social caste than those whose presence in the tiers and on the stage was such an important factor in the box office takings. The makers of literature in general (as distinct from dramatic literature which was useless without the medium of the stage) enjoyed a certain social prestige among the gentry and aristocracy at a time when tragic actors were no better than those who took to circus-clowning and bear-baiting. The groundlings must have been of negligible box office value who, more likely than not, were let in to swell the applause than anything else. But they did not always do that, of course. It sometimes happened that a full floor of groundlings were dissatisfied with the offering and woe-betide the actors if this displeasure coincided with a low price in agricultural products.

Yet in spite of this unquestionable dependence of the artist upon the ruling class for his economic existence and his consequent pandering to it in the very substance and structure of his art as well as in the prefatory trimmings, I again find that Mr. Kelly has been making over the facts to suit his

conclusions about Shakespeare. He tells us that 'His art is great because it involves such an intense perception of the revolutionary class of his time.' I am at a loss to know which of the plays Mr. Kelly has used as a basis for this amazing statement. The tragedies of Shakespeare—and it is upon these that his claim to greatness chiefly rests—without exception stand up to the test of the aristocratic theory of tragedy by reason of their always being concerned with the fates and fortunes of kings, princes, dukes, lords and nobles who were anything but the 'revolutionary class of his time'. It was as natural for Shakespeare to glorify this type of hero in his dramas as it was for him to look for the morning sunlight or to exult in the beauty of the English countryside.

Mr. Kelly also complains that 'he ignores the whole changing aspect of agricultural England, the effect of enclosures on the mediaeval status of the peasantry. . . .' This is quite true, but Mr. Kelly fails to deal adequately with it and gives it as a deficiency in Shakespeare's art rather than as an explanation of its inevitable absence. As long as the human tragedies that followed the First Enclosure Movement across England like a Black Plague were confined to the yeomanry, no drama that presented the sufferings of a dispossessed yeoman could possibly be offered for entertainment to the expropriating class. I repeat, therefore, that Mr. Kelly represents a good school of thought when he takes the Marxian approach, but his particular method in 'Art and Criticism: A Marxian Interpretation' was more Mediaeval than Marxian. The method he used in his analysis of my article was that of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages who changed their evidence to suit the teachings of Aristotle and the Bible.

When I wrote 'Science and Criticism' I had one dominant purpose in mind. That purpose was to show, if I could, that orthodox criticism, because of its essentially subjective character, its lack of convincing methods and criteria, and the willingness on the part of its exemplars to accept it as satisfactory, belonged to an inferior category of ideas, philosophically, if you like, than those apprehended by science as an intellectual method. By setting the two side by side I tried to show that science was more scrupulous in its regard for evidence, more exacting in its methods, more bent upon the truth of things than could be claimed for much of contemporary criticism. I realized—and this will surprise Mr. Kelly—that thought and being are not identical but merely united in the human consciousness. As I saw it, any art or science or criticism or 'tool of knowledge' could only be as good as the craftsman who makes or uses it, and I therefore appealed to the critics to examine themselves in the light of the scientific ideal.

In commenting on this, Mr. Monkhouse admits that 'there is a good deal of rubbish that is called criticism out of politeness', but wonders at the same time 'how science can be applied to literature as it might be to machinery or even to economics'. Mr. Monkhouse might well be puzzled by a question of that kind for, as it stands, it makes any relationship between science and criticism seem outlandish and absurd. But the situation is not quite as bad as it

seems; if anything it goes to show that I failed to make my point with Mr. Monkhouse.

Science cannot be applied to literature as it is to machinery for the same reason that it cannot be applied to chemistry as it is applied to (say) objective psychology, or to economics as it is applied to geology. Mr. Monkhouse has confused the various practical methods of science, each quite different in accordance with its field, with science as a motivating principle which demands verifiable data and seeks measurable truth. There are still a great many people who think that science is something that a gentleman in a white duster uses when he enters a laboratory and fiddles about with test tubes, coloured bottles, retorts, smoking refractories, and microscopes, with possibly a vivisected guinea-pig or a tubercular monkey or two in the background.

The challenge of science to criticism must not be taken as an attempt to impose upon it a set of fixed rules and methods lifted in the piece from a text book on biology or astrophysics. The truth of the matter is that science has no fixed methods for solving its various problems. Its methods are, in the main, determined by the special nature of the problem under study. It is in the *selection* of its methods, not merely in the sum of its achievements, that science places its claim to a more reliable linkage with reality. It is only by taking into account this peculiar elasticity of constitution that the tremendous scope and influence of science in the modern world can be understood.

Yet there is an element in Mr. Monkhouse's question which this explanation of science does not answer and which I cannot honestly avoid. How can science, if it possesses this elasticity of constitution, find a method of applying its principles to literary criticism? Frankly, I don't know. When I compared science with criticism I had a number of undeveloped ideas on the possibility of salvaging at least part of criticism from the subjective, but I am sorry to say that up to the present the task of developing those ideas into presentable form has proved greater than the man. It is a task which I think should interest, and which properly belongs to, the conscientious critic himself. The first requisite, however, must be an understanding and an embracing of the scientific spirit by the critic himself, the acceptance of which would prompt him either to find a method which would satisfy his new intellectual ethic or to give up criticism altogether as a bad job.

As the matter stands now the good critic and the poor critic are entitled to claim justification on exactly the same grounds. Those grounds might be called the critic's 'inalienable right' to think and say what he likes about what and whom he pleases as long as he keeps within the pale of the law. Any attempt to meddle with this prerogative is a crime against the Rights of Man, Natural Justice, Universal Morality, Liberty of Conscience, the Right of Opinion, the Divine Spark, Freedom of the Press, the Constitution, Free Will and whatnot. Yet the amusing thing is that despite this appeal to constitutional rights, the formal critic is an intellectual anarchist of the most dangerous type. He insists that he must not be hampered by restraining laws or have the free play of his ideas restricted by a

tyranny of rules. He must be a free soul. Better to be wrong and at liberty than to be right and in the toils of exacting methods and the necessity of giving an account of one's intellectual conduct. Thus we tolerate and sometimes honour in the artistic sphere what we lock people up for in the social sphere.

In many respects the position of the orthodox critic is easy to defend and very hard to attack. He has enjoyed his intellectual anarchy too long to look anything but askance on what might ask him to give an account of his inner reckonings. To defend himself he has only to say that there happens to be no other way of criticism at the present time and then defy anyone to produce another if he can. He plays upon the fact that aesthetic experience is a vague, mysterious, personal, even psychic thing, with the same exasperating confidence that beautiful women sometimes have in the possession of their feminine charms. The strength of the idealist's baseless fabric of ideas and the power of feminine charms derive from the common fact that both are reasonably secure against the possibility of being challenged to give further proof of them.

The idealist's side of the present discussion was presented quite effectively by Mr. C. J. Eustace in his article, 'The Science of Criticism', which appeared in the April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. It is not hard to understand why an idealist like Mr. Eustace should have taken serious exception to the intellectual canons of science. Any principle which stands for the need to distinguish between fact and phantasy in Man's ageless groping for reality is foreign to the mental processes of the idealist. Mr. Eustace is obviously quite content to live in his world of shadows and to accept the image for the reality rather than seek beyond to discover what is causing those shadows to dance their fantastic patterns on his consciousness. He believes that the human will is a self-sufficient, autonomous, determining entity. He believes in the pleasant fiction that man is the captain of his soul and the master of his destiny. He believes that we are creatures, not of elemental and impersonal forces, not of relentless necessity, but of choice and self-determination. He proceeds on the assumption that whatever happens inside this box of psychic tricks which we call the mind is an infallible index to what exists and is happening on the outside of it. When he says that 'the root of the trouble lies—not with criticism—but with the critics' he believes that ideas also have an existence of their own independent of human agency and apart from any enclosing consciousness. Ideas, to an idealist like Mr. Eustace, are falling about the universe like cosmic rays and are impinged upon the minds of a chosen few by some kind of divine afflatus. Whether they fall upon our little planetary system or at the other side of the galactic system is no challenge to the truth of them in his concept of 'universal realities' and 'eternal elements'. By what token does Mr. Eustace give eternity and universality to these bio-chemical sizzlings which we call ideas?

The point of greatest difference between the materialist and the idealist is not the existence of ideas, but the origin and validity of them. The materialist is able to show that ideas are determined

by the play and interplay of natural, social, economic, and political forces acting upon him and prompting him to act in accordance with those predetermined ideas. For example, Mr. Eustace believes that he wrote 'The Science of Criticism' as an act of free will, but a little reflection will show that his free will in this matter was conditioned by my first article. The materialist feels that it would be a waste of time and good wits to bother about what Mr. Eustace calls the 'necessarily unknowable and the incommunicable infinite'. This may be a sincere attempt to account for the mysterious gulf between Man and Ultimate Reality, but it is also an attempt to stretch the human ego round the universe by means of a verbal formula which has no known existence apart from human consciousness and certainly no intelligible meaning in rational thought.

The materialist invites the idealist to stop thinking forward to infinity and to think back upon the conditioning forces of his material, social, and intellectual environment for the source of his ideas. By this means the materialist is able to check the truth of his ideas by measuring them against their sources to see if they correspond. Had Mr. Eustace said that history must be interpreted as *immorality* in action he would have been a little nearer the mark. The changes that have taken place in human institutions throughout history have only been made possible by defying the existing morality, by shattering precedents in the process of making new ones, and translating old values. But there is another even more interesting aspect of morality in action. Morality is the Christian name of Expediency. Whatever happens to be suitable, workable, and more or less convenient in any given situation in history is moral; what is not so is immoral. Historicity apart, the tale of Noah and the Ark is a good example of this. I don't think that even Mr. Eustace would say that Noah's children, the only humans left to repeople the earth, were guilty of incest in marrying each other for that purpose. It was entirely a matter of expediency, and being expedient, it was quite moral.

The philosophical implications in Mr. Eustace's article are legion and entirely beyond the scope of this one to deal adequately with them. When he says that 'art, as an activity of man, cannot be separated from philosophical principles', he fails to add that philosophical principles are extremely varied and contradictory. Hobbes and Berkeley had philosophical principles; so had Hegel and Feuerbach; Emerson and Nietzsche had them too, yet it is not improbable that they might all have agreed that Shakespeare was a great poet; that Michael Angelo was a great painter and that Cellini was a master-craftsman in spite of their very different philosophical principles. The oddness of this view becomes even more striking when one considers that even Winston Churchill and Leon Trotsky agree on the greatness of Shakespeare.

What conclusion then, if any, is one to draw from these wide meanderings which seem to go everywhere and arrive nowhere? The personal approach and the subjective are, in a strict intellectual sense, unreliable measures of reality. Yet we cannot escape from them or dispense with them any

more than we can do without consciousness. But that is no reason for accepting these unfortunate limitations as satisfactory. There is much in the idealist's argument that is frankly unanswerable, but the fact that we cannot prove it false is no reason for accepting it as true. In the code of science it is more honourable to be in the uncer-

tainty of doubt than to have a false certainty in what might be wrong if proof were available.

Meanwhile we shall continue to have the orthodox school of criticism, which will still be honoured on the one hand by those who unquestionably give it dignity and power, and disgraced on the other by those who make it freakish and ridiculous.

THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH

By ANNE BARNES

WELL, I'll be seein' you,' the voice said quietly. There was a gentle click and the drone of the dial. Lazar put down the receiver and noticed how white his knuckles showed against the arms of the swivel chair. Traffic from Exchange Place trembled through the room and sunlight splintered on the floor. He sat there monotonously running the backs of his finger-nails over his knees, swallowing fear. The thumps of his heart shivered through his body and jarred his thoughts to uneven despair. Finally he picked up the receiver again and dialed a number.

'No go,' he said briefly and slammed the receiver back on again. Then he got up stiffly, like a sleep-walker, and took his shabby person out of the empty room. Doors opening made him twitch with fear, and with great effort he forced himself out into the street where the lunch crowds were pouring back to work. He walked slightly unsteadily with his hands clenched in the pockets of his overcoat, his eyes staring behind his glasses, his Jewish nose bent a little over his receding body. The faces, the traffic, even the sounds, isolated from him by his terror, held the painted unreality of a frieze. He pushed on, passive, unseeing. It was only when his clenched fingers became aware of a strip of pasteboard in his pocket, that his face relaxed into something living. He turned, still with that frozen stillness of movement and waited until he caught a Fifth Avenue bus. Through his mind, masquerading in East Side dialect, Shakespeare's sonnets were jumping. And through them ran his terror, the rumble of the traffic, and the conviction that he must hear the Fifth again before he died . . . before they got him. . .

A brown tweed coat bulged suddenly against the clamour of his thoughts and the bus lurched to a stop. He climbed out and walked blindly along Fifty-Seventh Street as though he had done it many times before. Carnegie Hall glimmered sedately above him, and he silenced an usher with a strip of pink pasteboard. He climbed stairs in painful twilight; people loomed out of it like a herd drinking, and he was flung into Mozart with the rim of his bowler hat clenched between two fingers. Eighteenth century trifling murmured politely from the orchestra, and he struggled uneasily against the beating of his terror which refused to be stilled. Beethoven seemed so far away, and death so near. A neat hole in the back, his mind kept telling him methodically, and another ex-gangster tidied away. He cursed Mozart who couldn't keep fear from clotting in his throat, and shivered in anticipation of a bullet deferred two years. The murmur of the or-

chestra dwindled to the murmur of the audience. People stirred restlessly about him and the spot in his back itched in expectation.

Then the fluttering died down; the orchestra collected its strength; and the place was filled suddenly with the pain and exaltation of the Fifth. Lazar felt the mixture of triumph and doom that only Beethoven could stir in him. His breath came with difficulty because of the terror and his eyes were stinging with tears he was scarcely aware of. He was suspended, without hope or fulfilment while the first movement shook through his brain. When the cadences of the second movement began, a new fear took him. He must live until the strings took up the theme in the beginning of the fourth movement. The important thing was to live, to breathe, to fight off the bullet until the wind instruments gave over to that hesitant start of the strings which his memory always stumbled over. Sweet Christ if he could live till then his whole burned-out thirty-three years could go to hell. An engine set up within him, counting the seconds before the shot. The third movement pushed toward the fourth like doom, slowly, inevitably, nearer and nearer. The fourth movement blazed; the seconds within him were beating faster and faster, racing the shot. The winds took the crescendo with the flutes holding it above. The strings were so close . . . so close . . . the crescendo gathered strength, held, poised . . . then something hard and cold pressed against the greedy spot in his back, there was a tremendous noise . . . his lungs choked with blood . . . pain oh God pain and dark, ness . . . and the breath went out of him.

Over in a corner past the deserted tables the German waiters were singing folk-songs in a melodious undertone. Manya wanted to go over and join them but the Boss wouldn't let the accountant have anything to do with the waiters. So she gave them her smile that looked, like all her gestures, as though it were part of a dance. The waiters grinned shyly and bent together again over their singing. Manya pushed back her chair and went back to the dusty cubicle where she checked stores for Ablers Cafeteria. Friday was a busy day, and the job was horrid, but she was off at three, and Lazar was going to meet her at Carnegie Hall to hear the Fifth again. She reflected, with unfailing Jewish optimism, that life was pretty good when she had Lazar to hear music with and chant Shakespeare to, and take her out for tea with strawberries and cream. Lazar was her Napoleon, her find, and her unique experience. An ex-gangster who knew music and poured

out the Sonnets in East Side, who had lived an unbelievable life, and was trying to be a lawyer to clear off to a place of his own. A man, in fact. And what a man. She gave a little triumphant Jewish chuckle and bent again over her books. . . 400 bgs. flour rec'd Nov. 3rd. . . The phone rang sharply, urgently, jerking her head up and her hand away to still it.

'Ablers Cafeteria,' she said mechanically.

'It's no go,' and then bang and silence. Lazar's voice. Manya put her hands against her cheeks, her eyes closed, her body shrinking from belief. So they'd got him at last. They swore in San Francisco they'd get him, two years ago; and now they were ready to put him on the spot. Those damned gangsters . . . if only he'd never got mixed up with them at all . . . if only he hadn't killed one of them. She seemed to see Lazar's kind, ugly face, and hear his voice saying, 'If a guy treats you straight, baby, treat him straight—if he doesn't . . . cut his heart out.' And they told him that when they got his number—it would be called plenty. She knew with the impotence of despair, that there was no hope for him. The gang had waited long enough to get their man when they were ready. And Lazar hadn't any other gang to help him out. He had cleared out of gangster life after his first nasty experience as a greenhorn. So he was as good as quiet with the bullet.

She finished her accounts in a daze of rage and restrained hopelessness. What was she to do? If they got Lazar she wouldn't hear for an eternity, and if they didn't . . . but there was no use thinking that. She had a sudden great nostalgia for something to comfort her, to tell her that life was the same old normal place again. And she decided, with characteristic suddenness, to go to Carnegie Hall after all. She had her ticket because Lazar hadn't been able to get seats together, so he had given her hers, in case she missed him. She pulled on her hat and coat and stumbled out into the bright chatter of the street. Taking the subway to Fifth Avenue was so

familiar that she hardly noticed time or place changing. She was only conscious of broken intervals of thought, and welcomed the gloom of Carnegie Hall with a little sigh of relief.

They were playing Mozart when she found her place in the balcony; and it was so changeless, so familiar, that she almost could feel Lazar squirming beside her in protest. He couldn't see her delight in eighteenth century gayety, she remembered. And then the quintet was spoiled and the world full of trouble, because at this moment Lazar might be anywhere . . . might be dead. She put one hand against her throat and screwed her eyes shut. No Lazar to talk Hebrew to Pappa, and take her out and call her baby and comfort her again. She sat feeling the pain behind her eyes, hardly noticing the finish of the quintet. But when they started the Fifth, she felt she must scream or weep or go mad. Suddenly the music seemed to be striding on as a tremendous epic of Lazar's life, of his blunders, his kindness . . . and his death became too great to be sad because of the tragedy Beethoven was hurling about it. She opened her eyes again as though she could drink the music through them. And as she stared into the fourth movement, she saw his head. Her heart and breath seemed to stop together. She was sure it was Lazar sitting in front of her to the left. She was conscious of a great flood of joy and relief. Then apprehension seized her. It might not be him . . . he must be mad to come here . . . everyone knew he always came to the Friday afternoon concerts . . . perhaps he was being watched now. She looked at the man on her left. Was he wondering if the man in front of him was Lazar? But she couldn't see her neighbour's face . . . he was crouched into his chair as if asleep. Then, as the crescendo rose, Lazar jerked his head and she knew him. The man beside her still seemed asleep. She must catch Lazar's eye, she thought. So she leaned forward and sideways and with her forefinger prodded him suddenly in the back . . .

ON REACHING THE QUARTER CENTURY MARK

By ERWIN KREUTZWEISER

I HAVE just become twenty-five years old. For some days before my birthday I experienced a peculiar sensation which seldom left me except when I was so engrossed in study that I was oblivious even to this overpowering feeling. To be twenty-five years old! To live a quarter of a century! It seemed rather strange and awe-inspiring.

The feeling was somewhat akin to that which I experienced when I was approaching twenty-one, the magical year of manhood. A feeling of elation and superiority, an expectation of important things to come. A feeling of somehow having accomplished something.

First to achieve twenty-one. Then to achieve twenty-five!

Nevertheless, I really do not feel much older than I did when I was twenty-four. One day I was twenty-four, and the next day I was twenty-five. One day I was in the first quarter, and the next day I was in the second quarter. To all appearances I had not changed perceptibly. But a difference was there just the same.

I could feel it. A sense of maturity. I could walk down the street or around the university campus and say to myself: 'Think of it; twenty-five. When Pitt was twenty-five, he was prime minister of Great Britain. When Shelley and Wordsworth were twenty-five, they had written reams of poetry. I am almost twenty-five.'

The mantle of age had dropped suddenly on my shoulders. I was a man to be respected. My opinions were to be considered, even if I was a radical. I had a quarter of a century of experience behind me. I vividly recalled it all. I had gone through the educational institutions of the province: public school, high school, university. I had taken teacher training in the College of Education, where all the students were university graduates. I had taught high school work for two years. I had been a newspaper reporter. Way back before that I had sold newspapers, I had sold advertising signs, I had sold silk hosiery and lingerie (from house to house). I had done two years graduate study at the university. I had met many people of divers characteristics. I had taken

some hard knocks, and I was experiencing the hardest knock of all. I was out of work and living on my brother. I had done a lot of hard thinking in my time. Come to think of it, I had certain undeniable qualities of citizenship and solid manhood.

Of course, to my old Mother and Dad (note that I capitalize them) I was no seasoned man of the world. I was still a boy. And when I brought my sweetheart to the house, we were 'the children'. This constantly took the wind out of my sails. Children! How did they get that way? Wasn't I almost twenty-five? Oh, well, let the old folks keep up some pretence of superiority. That was about all the dear old fogeys had, anyway.

Old fogey was a term my progenitors did not relish. Not that I was ever so indiscreet as directly to call them old fogeys. But occasionally in conversation I would disdainfully refer to the reactionary older generation by that term and my parents, being intelligent even if old, perceived that they were included in that category. Now, my father and mother each has a good strain of sound common sense and are fairly liberal-minded in some respects. For example, they are both devoutly religious, but they do not believe that a season of prayer will bring rain during a drouth. But compared to my liberalism, theirs is died-in-the-wool conservatism.

This is true of nearly every phase of life. My old folks—and nearly every older generation person I know—live in a world entirely different from mine. Our outlooks on life are as divergent as north pole is to south, almost. We find very few points of contact. I find this so with nearly every older person I talk to, certain university professors and other intellectuals excepted.

I am continually astonishing my parents—not that there is anything astounding about it—with candid discussions of sex matters, with matter-of-fact references to birth control, with comments on king and country which seem to lack respect and reverence, with socialistic doctrines, with praise for the new hats being worn by the ladies this season.

The older generation stands for the virtues of honesty, purity, industry, thrift, and piety. Of these virtues the one I stand for whole-heartedly is honesty, although there are many occasions when honesty is not the best policy. I stand for industry when I am doing something I like to do. I believe in thrift only because of the insane economic system under which the world is labouring that makes thrift necessary, and I shall practise it only for a year or two before the next depression begins. (I hope I shall have sense enough to see it coming). With regard to purity, I am not quite sure I understand just what it means, although I should be inclined to label as impure a promiscuous prostitute (professional or amateur). As for piety, almost the only pious folk I know are the old folk.

What is the world coming to?

That is what I should like to know. My personal opinion is that the old sphere might be put on the right track if all the people over forty and everybody with over \$10,000 worth of property and everybody who hopes some day to amass \$10,000 worth of property was deprived of the franchise and muzzled. Then the young people would have a chance to get something done. For thousands of years the

old folks have been steering the ship of state (to use an original figure) onto the rocks. It is high time that they were relieved of the helm and control was put into the hands of youthful progressives, even if they are enthusiasts.

But what am I advocating? Goodness! I myself am rapidly approaching old age. Twenty-five! Soon—before I realize it, I am sure—I shall be forty. Then would I like to be pushed aside? That is what my father often asks me. My only ambition right now—honest injun—is that I shall remain progressive enough so that I shall voluntarily push myself aside at forty or fifty to make way for the youthful progressives of the time. But for the present I am only (only, mind you) twenty-five. Blessed thought! Twenty-five and the best of life before me yet (if the depression ever ends).

THE CHASE

Harried forever, that old fox, the spring,
Speeds northward for this year.
First where his flying feet an instant cling.
Will the white bloom appear.

First where cold bramble, earthward-reaching, tore
A red tuft from his fur,
April, returning, sets her seal once more
And the birds sing to her.

Green, growing things and new life venturesome,
Warm winds and May-flowers pale,
Compassionate, before the lean dogs come,
Will rise and choke the trail.

W. A. BREYFOGLE

UP-TO-DATE

Jack Frost is quite a modern,
Don't you know,
He goes up no'th in summah,
Comme il faut;

And then when it is wintah
He goes sowth,
With all the latest moonshine
In his mouth:

You speak of water ices,
Crème glacée,
He brags, 'Up no'th we had them
Every day—'

He says that love is quite too
Sentimental,
And keeping cool is all that's
Fundamental;

But though he flirts with breezes,
Cools with smelts,
And neither toils nor spins, he
Simply melts!

CLARA HOPPER

THE SHAWL

Your love is like a bright shawl;
 My life is desolate of colour;
 My soul cries out for the vivid grace of the shawl,
 My body for its comfort.
 It is as if I shivering stood and gazed
 Into the lighted window of a shop
 And beat my futile hands against the pane
 As little children do.

What can a beggar offer to the holder of the shawl?
 Neither silver nor gold, surely.
 She may not even touch the fringe of it.

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON

POME TO A LARGE WOMAN ON A
BAY STREET CAR

Why do you lean so intently,
 Woman in furs,
 Why do you listen so eagerly,
 Fat woman . . .

If that man before you
 Loved you intensely,
 If even that man worshipped you wholly
 You would not listen—

Is it because he is less than a man,
 Is it only because it may suit your purpose
 That you lean so intently,
 That you listen so eagerly,
 That you lose your identity,
 Trying to guess when,
 Trying to hear him
 Call your street?

K. L. MABEE

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FATAL VICTORIAN COMPROMISE

THE LOST LEADER: A Study of Wordsworth, by
 Hugh L'Anson Fausset (Cape—Nelson; pp. 447;
 \$3.75).

MR. FAUSSET is well known to students of English literature, for he has already given us full-length studies of Donne, Coleridge, Cowper, Tennyson, and Keats. He was moved to write the present volume 'because the critics have studied Wordsworth's life rather as an intellectual or psychological problem than as a spiritual event'.

It is a commonplace for all students of Wordsworth that his creative power declined rapidly after 1807. Why? More or less unsatisfactory answers have been attempted by Harper, Garrod, Read, and, indeed, by most of the serious students of his work. Mr. Fausset finds them all unsatisfying. Blake, however, had penetrated to the truth long ago. 'I see in Wordsworth,' said Blake, 'the natural man rising up against the spiritual man continually, and then he is no poet, but a heathen philosopher, at enmity with all true poetry and inspiration.' Mr. Fausset's book, he declares, is nothing more nor less than an attempt to reveal in detail the truth of this statement.

His thesis, reiterated a hundred times and illustrated by references to a multitude of Wordsworth's poems, is this. Until the time of the Annette episode Wordsworth's integrity had known no flaw. Henceforth he was to tread the path of compromise. Although the furies of perplexity, shame and remorse pursued him unceasingly, his stubborn egotism fought them off. Had he carried out this struggle to the point of utter self-abnegation all had been well. Then he would have regained his lost integrity and with it genuine creative capacity. But he recoiled from the ultimate act of self-surrender: his tenacious individualism led him to seek for comfort and self-esteem. In a word, the fatal Victorian compromise had him in its clutch.

This diagnosis will not surprise those who are familiar with Mr. Fausset's books on Keats, Coleridge, and Tennyson where the same disease is analyzed at length. Mr. Fausset is a highly intelligent person, he writes easily and well, and he is willing to take infinite pains to explain his point of view. And yet, at the end of a long volume, a reader who has not the 'gift' of the mystic may be in sore doubt as to whether he has actually grasped the point at all. Wordsworth, Mr. Fausset tells us, was a potential mystic who failed to complete himself. The true mystic achieves 'by bringing the creative spirit in himself into such perfect and assured union with Life that he perceives the eternal essence of all things, and so has no need to flinch before their temporal impurities'. This familiar acquaintance with 'the creative spirit', and 'Life', and 'the eternal essence of all things' may at first pre-dispose a reader to humility, but as the long chapters suc-

ceed each other without making the mystery more plain to a man of this world, his willingness to understand becomes exhausted, and impatience takes its place.

To such a reader it is inevitable that Mr. Fausset's arguments and illustrations sound far-fetched. Annette, or Wordsworth's sense of guilt and wretchedness, furnish an autobiographical meaning to almost all of the poems. Perhaps the most delightful of these interpretations is that of the story of *The Blind Highland Boy* who went to sea in a tortoise shell, and was pleased when he returned safely to shore. 'It is an unconscious allegory of Wordsworth's life,' says Mr. Fausset solemnly, 'of his own blind adventure into ecstasy, and his recoil into domestic security.'

Wordsworth emerges from Mr. Fausset's study a rather weak contemptible figure. Why, for fifteen years after the Annette episode, he wrote some of the greatest poetry in our language does not appear. Occasionally Mr. Fausset gives him grudging, qualified admiration, but he is so anxious to establish his thesis that a distorted picture of Wordsworth is the almost inevitable result. Perhaps it is a sufficient, if somewhat prosaic, explanation of Wordsworth's sudden decline in poetic power that the intense creative labour of the years had exhausted him. At any rate, we know from his own statements and those of Dorothy that prolonged periods of composition had a disastrous effect on his physical health and induced periods of utter mental exhaustion.

Mr. Fausset's volume contains several highly complimentary references to the recent researches of Dr. J. R. MacGillivray, a member of the English staff of the University of Toronto.

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

THE NAKED NORTH

BRIDE OF QUIETNESS, by Alexander Knox (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 302; \$2.00).

MR. KNOX'S first published novel is an extremely fine performance. Against a vividly and sensitively presented background of the waters and hills of the upper Ottawa, it sets a youthful romance, delicate and honest—a Canadian *Daphnis and Chloe*, or *Paul et Virginie*. The peculiar fascination of the Canadian North is interpreted with a loving intimacy of detail which gives the impression, not as so many books do, of an enthusiastic guide-book written for strangers, but of an affectionate recalling to memory and putting into words among friends, of a common experience. The result is that even for those who do not know that particular country, even, I should imagine, for those that do not know any similar country, the landscape, the air, the sun, the water, take on an immediate and individual reality, as marked as that of Hardy's Wessex.

The country indeed is of primary importance. It is more than a background, it is almost an actor. It is their attitude to, their relations with the North that not only test the characters, but in a sense determine their actions and development. The fine descriptions that take up so much of the book, are thus not mere decoration; they are an essential part of the story itself. Almost all Canadian writers, like Canadian artists, seem to be primarily in-

terested in landscape, though few of them have Mr. Knox's power of rendering, so to speak, the personality of the landscape.

It is an old observation that accurate, and even inspired description, may be expected of an author before his talent attains to psychological penetration. Mr. Knox shows excellent judgment in centring his attention on two fairly simple characters, the boy Peter and the girl Jean; honest, straightforward, comparatively inexperienced children whose romance forms the main thread of the story. This is not to say that his psychology is false, or inadequate; he has with admirable, and unusual, judgement, chosen a theme that he knows to be well within his powers. This deliberate simplification is what, more than anything else, calls to mind the novels of Longus and St. Pierre; for there is little in the conduct of the story to recall either of them, nothing of their sophistication, no explicit preaching of the virtues of the simple life.

Mr. Knox has indeed, achieved what is one of the novelist's greatest triumphs; he has taken two thoroughly decent characters, of no great complexity, and has made them absorbingly interesting by the fresh and sympathetic candour with which he tells their comparatively simple story. Yet there are a number of situations that could easily have been made melodramatic. What saves them seems to be the penetration of the whole book by the amused sobriety, the frank dignity and sense of proportion, that life in the open can give to a sensitive and congenial spirit. Though always present, this element is not over-explicitly stressed. Aptly enough, the only occasions on which it is definitely formulated, are when Sandy Gabb, the girl's father, drops for a moment his shy reserve.

The figure of Sandy, also a lover of the North, is next in importance to the two principals; yet he remains rather enigmatic and objective. The other characters serve only to illuminate the main actors, or to precipitate incident. The book begins with the lad Peter, and centres steadily round him. Even Jean seldom appears, except in his company.

Mr. Knox is particularly to be congratulated on the singular freedom alike from prudishness and from mawkishness, with which he develops the honest and innocent first love of the two youngsters. He may expect to arouse again the half-incredulous admiration of the young Englishman returning from Canada, who said in an awed voice, 'My God, you Canadians are clean!' For one can hardly doubt that he will carry conviction.

The book raises a number of interesting questions, general and particular. For example, what, if anything, explains the relation so often observed—compare *Atala*, etc.—between Thunderstorms and the consummation of youthful passion? Again, is landscape to be as distinctive a feature of Canadian writing as of Canadian painting? Is it the luxurious melancholy of youth that leads young writers to end their Romeo and Juliet idylls with quite accidental and unnecessary catastrophes? Or is it the stubborn survival of the old belief that whom the gods love die young? It would be neither just nor plausible to impute the catastrophe in *Bride of Quietness* to any fear on Mr. Knox's part that he would not be able to make another satisfactory ending. Mechanically, it is carefully motivated;

psychologically it is a pure accident, like the catastrophe in *Paul et Virginie*. Though a bit unsure in odd phrases, it has not indeed the absurdity which the latter presents to us, but it has somewhat the same emotional necessity. It balances and completes the emotional pattern in the same way. And yet not quite. There is not the same propagandist interest to demand the sacrifice of natures far too bright and good for ordinary life (which Peter and Jean are not), nor is there any general Hardy-esque loading of the dice to demand the sacrifice. Besides, the manner and implications of the death turn our attention rather to its probable effects on the parents. Instead of making the purposed rounded close, it strikes the first bars of the transition to another movement. Fine as the book is, and, one may venture to prophesy, a permanent addition to our literature, few readers will be thoroughly satisfied until Mr. Knox feels himself able to give us the companion panel of his picture.

L. A. MACKEY

SERVANTS OF THE POETS

THE ENGLISH MUSE, by Oliver Elton (Bell-Clarke Irwin; pp. 464; \$4.75).

POETS IN BRIEF, chosen by F. L. Lucas, CRABBE (pp. xxxii, 227), and ROSSETTI (pp. xxxiv, 241 (Macmillans in Canada; each \$1.10).

GRACE and discrimination have been Mr. Elton's best characteristics in his long career as a historian of English literature. In no other book has he revealed them to better advantage; almost every page carries at least one judgement carefully balanced and memorably expressed. He has found the ideal task for an emeritus professor—a survey of the subject which most occupied him in the long period of his teaching. The immense, deliberate, and discriminating reading which has gone into the making of *The English Muse* has required decades. No lover of English poetry will read the book through without discovering some poet unknown to him and worth his knowing. Hidden away in a footnote to the chapter on Wordsworth are five lines from sonnets written by one Thomas Russell who died in 1788 at the age of twenty-two. I shall not rest until I have read all the verse of this 'marvellous boy'. Space permits of but one more instance of Professor Elton's far-ranging love of poetry. Who was Amy Levy, an English Jewess, who published *A London Plane-Tree* in which 'there is no theory, no attitude or demand for sympathy, only a cry from within and a native sense of form'. There are dozens of such alluring references in the book.

The view taken of English poetry is old-fashioned. If one wishes to discover whether the sensibility and standards of a critic had set before the war one has only to look for his opinions of Donne, Dryden, and Keats, each of whom stands higher today than at any time during the past hundred years. We find Professor Elton complaining in true Victorian fashion that Donne's poetry is 'highly irritant, disquieted and disquieting,' without 'any simple direct feeling for the beauty of the world.' We know that Professor Elton's taste was formed before Professor Grierson wrote his famous introduction. In the Restoration, Professor Elton

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author of

"Thirty Years in the Golden North"

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\$3.00

Democracy in Crisis

By Harold J. Laski

The author discusses the causes for the decline of democratic government and urgent problems like the place of the Monarchy in a constitutional democracy, the attitude of Armed Forces, the difficulties of revolution, and the drift toward dictatorship.
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The Monetary Theory of the Trade Cycle

By Freidrick A. Hayck

This book restates monetary theory in such a way as to make it an effective instrument for investigating the problems of trade fluctuation. It includes a critique of non-monetary theories of the trade cycle.
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finds that 'the higher inspiration begins to fade' and that even in Dryden most of the writing is 'poetry of a secondary kind.' We know that Professor Elton belongs to a generation which has not been shaken by the doctrine or the practice of T. S. Eliot. Keats Professor Elton somewhat regretfully waves to a secondary place as one who 'did not live to write, as he wished, a poem containing the fulness of his experience.' It is clear to us that Professor Elton did not first approach Keats through Middleton Murry or M. Lucien Wolff. Yes, the book is old-fashioned; but of its kind it is extremely good.

Every generation requires its own anthologies. Even those made by Matthew Arnold and F. T. Palgrave must be replaced. Mr. Lucas who last year gave us a *Tennyson* and a *Beddoes* has now published a *Rossetti* and a *Crabbe*. In the choice from *Rossetti* he has been somewhat too indulgent to the ballads—two of these eat up sixty pages—and extremely severe to *The House of Life*. It is, I think, a mistake to quote only parts of the sonnets by which he represents this latter, on which *Rossetti's* fame is coming more and more to rest. The selections from *Crabbe* are admirable, the introduction one of the best estimates of *Crabbe* ever made. It was a happy thought to include the parody of *Crabbe* from *Rejected Addresses*.

E. K. BROWN.

ENGLISH MANNERS

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND 1784. Being the *Mélanges sur l'Angleterre* of Francois de la Rochefoucauld, translated by S. C. Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxviii, 256; \$2.50).

THIS delightful volume is a translation of part of De la Rochefoucauld's memoirs on England, first published from the original manuscript—now in the British Museum—by M. Jean Marchand in French in 1929, with his excellent introduction as a prefatory essay. De la Rochefoucauld arrived at Dover on January 2nd with his brother, M. de Lazowski and their servants, intending after a week in London to go on to Bristol to spend some months there in learning the language. But they were advised by Mr. Walpole to try the eastern counties, where they would find a better climate and better English; so they chose Bury St. Edmunds, where apparently no Frenchman had ever been seen before, and where they were very hospitably received by Mr. Symonds, the professor of history at Cambridge, and Mr. Arthur Young, whose expert knowledge of agriculture and wide acquaintance among the country gentlemen contributed a great deal to the success of their visit.

We get therefore first a glimpse of London, then a detailed account of life in a small country town, and finally comments, for the most part highly complimentary, on the life of the gentry, farmers, and peasants in the eastern counties, made during the course of tours through Norfolk and Suffolk. For these young French observers are astonished by the wealth and comfort and content that they discover everywhere, the cleanliness of the houses (except sometimes in the kitchen), the rich mahogany furniture, the enormous consumption of meat and of tea, the excellent breed of horses and cattle, the number of people travelling on the roads at great

expense. They try to adapt themselves very agreeably to English manners, which they find at first surprisingly informal at breakfast and over-formal at dinner; but they find it difficult to reconcile themselves to English cooking, the excessive drinking of port, the manners of the gentlemen in the dining-room after the ladies have left, the terrible wearisomeness of an English Sunday. This strange observance of Sunday indeed the writer finds so hard to account for—'I cannot precisely ascertain whether it is to some article of religion or to the observance of an Act of Parliament that the gloom of this day, which in every other country is characterized by gaiety, is due'—that he insists that however incredible it may sound, his account is strictly true, and the result of his own experience, which has made him dread Sunday more than anything.

In all things else he is much impressed at the Englishman's liberty, and concludes that the English constitution is the most perfect administrative and legislative method of government that mankind has ever devised. Mr. Symonds and Mr. Young must have given him admirable instruction, for he describes in detail the whole system of government, the assizes, the Parliamentary elections, and finds nowhere any opportunity for corruption or injustice. Mr. Young was, after all, more at home in discussing the breed of cattle and the rotation of crops, and Mr. Symonds—he admits—was an old bore, and if we may judge by his account of the University of Cambridge, a very unreliable authority. For he says: 'Cambridge has produced England's greatest men. All of them have been educated in one or other of its colleges, with the exception of Locke, who was at Oxford.' But other than this he could get little satisfactory information. 'As to the course of study pursued by the young men I have seen, I cannot say anything about it. It is quite an individual thing, very difficult to grasp and I confess that I found it quite impossible to understand it at all. . . . I asked Mr. Symonds a great many questions about it . . . but, although he is a professor in one of the colleges he does not know how the teaching is conducted and was obliged to have recourse to old books, to look up the formation of the university and so forth.' He adds hopefully: 'Perhaps when we go to Oxford we shall find someone more competent in this respect than Mr. Symonds, who will enable me at least to say something on the subject.'

It is very disappointing that the young gentlemen returned to France without the information concerning the course of studies regarded in the eighteenth century as essential to produce great men, which they would doubtless have readily obtained in Oxford.

HERBERT DAVIS

TWO SYSTEMS

CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM, A RECONCILIATION, by Oscar Newfang (Putnam; pp. xviii, 278).

THIS is a much better book than appears at first sight. The author, in his effort to be fair to both parties, tends to adopt the manner of the international lawyer, with the result that a certain aridity appears at times. It may be doubted whether the impartial handling of economic subjects is possible today, any more than it was possible in the

field of theology during the sixteenth century. Toleration is a by-product of indifference.

The book is in five parts: the case against Capitalism and that against Communism; the case for Capitalism and that for Communism. The fifth section is a summing-up, and contains the writer's idea of a possible working agreement between the two systems which will give each a chance to study and learn from the other. Such a course offers an alternative to the certain war between them which will otherwise develop. By Capitalism is understood the system now prevailing in the U.S.A. and in parts of Western Europe. By Communism is meant the Russia of today as far as it may be discerned through journalistic smoke-screens.

The first section is the best. In this the author deals with Capitalism in the U.S.A. since 1914 but he does not refer to the past three years. The case is complete enough without that. 'A system which allows 36 people an income of over five million dollars each, while forty millions earn an average of twelve hundred dollars, which is admittedly below the minimum standard for a family of five, stands condemned without further argument.' The exploitation of labour, the uncertainty of employment, the concentration of wealth, chaotic production, booms and depressions, Imperialism with its competitive search for markets and the inevitable wars, are all dealt with in detail. The theory that capitalists are 'Trustees for Society' is examined with interesting results. For example, figures from the Federal Trade Commission covering 2800 companies in the U.S. showed that from 1913 to 1926 these paid on the average 230% in stock dividends or about 17% a year, while at the same time they paid 272% in cash dividends, about 19% a year. A total reward for trusteeship of some 36% per annum on the 1913 capital, which seems almost enough. Lest it be assumed that this sort of thing happens only in war time, a further list is given of 29 firms, including Colgate, Kresge, Crane, Heinz, and Standard Oil. These 29 had a capitalization in 1920 of 365 millions and in seven years they declared stock dividends totalling 918 millions, an average of more than two and one-half times the original capital. The purpose of all this was partly to dodge excess profit taxes but also largely to hide the flagrant exploitation of labour. If the workers had been given their share of such profits the expanded demand for consumers goods might even have kept pace with the increase in production and the present depression delayed or avoided. At least we should have been spared the effects of the bull market and much of the foreign and internal High Finance rackets which have done so much to delay recovery.

The book contains many similar items of interest, most of them to the discredit of the existing system.

The author's main plea is for compromise agreements between Capitalist and Communist societies in the interest of a better way of life than either offers at present. The proposal is so reasonable that one can be sure of its rejection by both parties. Only in science, pure and applied, is there any place today for the reasonable. In politics, religion, and business, it is the emotions that count, and this in direct proportion to the violence of their drive toward power, prestige, and profits. Science and intelligence could remake the world in a year, if

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given reasonably free rein. Unfortunately, the basic emotions of 'civilized' man, fear, envy, and greed, will probably continue to obstruct and delay until mechanized warfare, poison gas, and starvation get their chance to close the scene.

A. GOULDING.

PHILOSOPHY AND BIOLOGY

THE NATURE OF LEARNING, by G. Humphrey (Kegan Paul; International Library of Psychology, Philosophy & Scientific Method).

IN this worthy addition to an already famous series, Professor Humphrey of Queen's University threads a maze of physiological, psychological, and biological problems with admirable dexterity and sureness. A rare combination of qualities, for he is both theorist and experimentalist, enables him to see his way at once clearly and with a profound and essential sanity; the experimenter's modesty before the facts setting the limits beyond which speculation would be premature, while the speculative grasp of the theorist marshalls the great mass of recent experimental research reviewed into luminous perspectives of interpretation.

The author's main concern is to get behind the term 'learning' which is one of those easy-chair words into which we fall to dissimulate the need for further search, and to discover a satisfactory description of the phenomena which shall be something more than a slinking into one of the other easy chairs, Memory, Attention, the 'instinct' of Self-Preservation, Apperception, etc., with which

the interior of the psychological mansion is abundantly decorated.

His essential thesis is that 'learning' is an instance of self-conserving action, or of the restoration of disturbed equilibrium in a living system, a living system being a pattern, or rather a pattern of changing patterns, such as to exhibit a certain periodic form (the 'Five Ages', e.g.). Taking the time-dimension in the way thus implied, we find learning defined in the statement 'the living system integrates in four dimensions'.

Behind an innocent exterior this description conceals startling ideas. For instance, there is a striking analogue of learning in the self-restoration of certain mechanical and chemical equilibria when disturbed. In such a 'partial' or relatively closed system as a pendulum, or a buffer solution the impact of change causes the equilibrium 'to shift in such a way as to annul the effect of the change'.

Professor Humphrey is quite clear that the self-conserving action of the organism is different from this, since it is precisely 'the function of the organism to ward off the attainment of physico-chemical equilibrium with the environment', i.e. death: but at the same time this specifically biological equilibrium, to which, one gathers, mechanical, physical, and chemical equilibria within the body are hierarchically subordinate, may be most fruitfully considered as a *system*, exhibiting systemic conservative responses of a different order. It is evident that the author steers a sage middle course between the rocks of mechanism and vitalism, insisting, as I see it, on the unique character of biological categories without either reducing them to the ranks of physics and chemistry, or unwarrantably promoting them to the level of spiritual life.

But now, in the chapters on habituation, association, the conditioned reflex, and maze-running the lay reader finds to his astonishment that learning also appears fundamentally as 'annulling the effect of change', as 'learning not to do'. It is negative adaptation, inhibition, extinction, which are primary, and which are brilliantly explained (or, I should say described) by the common formula of systemic restoration of equilibrium. If modification of behaviour which brings an advantage with it is learning, how indeed can we separate 'fatigue' from learning? And if such primitive layers of response differ from higher ones like association only in degree of complexity, not in kind, if there is properly no point at which we can say 'Here learning enters', then inertia, the law of least effort rules throughout. This seems a challenge to common-sense, which admits that a lifetime of unstinted expenditure of energy may be spent in learning. But it should be realized that the objective study of the behaviour of a rat may illuminate the bases of the behaviour of a Galileo (being vastly simpler) without implying that Galileo is a rat. I mean that the aspect of a system which appears to be left out of consideration, namely, that a system is *explosive*, generative of unheard-of novelties, presupposes its correlative aspect, that of conservation which may well be studied in separation without implying that it is the only aspect.

H. R. MACCALLUM

SHAKESPEARE—FROM MANY ANGLES

ASPECTS OF SHAKESPEARE, Being British Academy Lectures (Oxford University Press; pp. 286; \$3.75).

THIS collection of nine lectures, given before the British Academy in the years 1923-1931, offers a fair sample of such work on Shakespeare during the period. In quality as in approach, that is, the lectures are varied. Four only can be said to have real importance; the rest are merely occasional papers, no better and no worse than a score of others delivered under humbler auspices and quietly left at their delivery.

Three of the best lectures tackle the problem of the text. Professor Pollard's on 'The Foundations of Shakespeare's Text', a lucid summary of his former investigations, has already become a classic. So in a way has the answer given by Sir Edmund Chambers in 'The Disintegration of Shakespeare' to those who would arbitrarily dismember the Canon. Mr. Greg's discussion of the 'Principles of Emendation' interestingly centres on the implications with respect to the history and origin of the text which accepted emendations entail; and in a lengthy series of notes he thus examines some of the plays. By itself ranks 'From Henry V to Hamlet', where Mr. Granville Barker follows Shakespeare as he works towards making his medium perfectly malleable, and as he seeks to attain the culminating purpose of his art, the revelation of the suffering inner consciousness of man.

With Professor Legouis' contribution, 'The Bacchic Element in the Plays', we drop to the mere thesis, a heavily comic one at that. He, too, would account for the darkening of Shakespeare's drama at the turn of the century and his answer is 'drink'. In the early plays drinking had been a matter for jest; in the later it always brings catastrophe. Evidently the dramatist himself had suffered, but of course recovered in the end. He went to his native Stratford, 'just as if he was obeying the prescriptions of a wise and friendly physician', and tranquilly sobered down to his Romances. There is no twinkle behind Professor Legouis' writing, but in fairness we should give him the benefit of the doubt and see him rather clumsily trying to shock the Academy. Mr. Dover Wilson's paper on 'The Elizabethan Shakespeare' is in part a reply to the late Poet Laureate's indignant indictment of the Elizabethan audience for forcing Shakespeare to mar his art by catering to its vulgar tastes. Mr. Wilson disagrees. He contends further that to see the plays rightly we must always remember the peculiar stage and conventions for which they were written; and, in defence of the occasional vulgarity, he makes an excellent point when he reminds us that in *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, the lovers, chanting their passion in romantic verse, are linked to the earth and made real by the vivacious vulgar company of the Nurse and the high-spirited, bawdy-tongued Mercutio. In 'A Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting' Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie catches the ball from Mr. Wilson. To limit interpretations to what the play may have meant to Elizabethans, he contends, 'is frankly to exclude the existence of the play as a work of art'. As a work of art the play exists in what it means to anyone who will receive

it—with this qualification, that the recipient must attend to what the author says to him, that 'everything is excluded from that existence which is not given by the author's technique'. We need that qualifying clause.

Professor Thorndyke's 'Shakespeare in America' requires little comment. He says adequately what we expect to be said. He tells of the growing dominion of the dramatist over 'that brave new world which he did not know', of the American search in literature for buoyancy and optimism and their determination to find these in Shakespeare. Study of him today should obviously be encouraged.

The last lecture on 'Shakespeare's Iterative Imagery' by Miss Spurgeon is in some ways the most disappointing. She is no longer content with what in her previous work she had admirably demonstrated, the relation of the dominant images to Shakespeare's imaginative vision. She here chases through the imagery to find Shakespeare the man. Her patient study culminates in the assuring deduction that from his fondness for 'carpentry images' we may know that our dear dramatist was 'a practical, neat and handy man about the house'. And did Dr. Johnson complain that Shakespeare was lax in giving moral instruction? Miss Spurgeon makes up for this by stressing his interest in hygiene: 'there is evidence even in his early work of his disgust at surfeit, as well as his curiously modern belief that we bring upon ourselves a great deal of our bad health by ill-regulated living, and especially by over-eating'. Perhaps, then, it will be best for us to look twice at what Miss Spurgeon here asks us to swallow.

R. S. KNOX

A MODERN SAGA

THE MEN OF NESS, by Eric Linklater (Cape—Nelson; pp. 287; \$2.00).

WHOEVER enjoys a rapid and violent tale, vividly told, with strongly marked, varied characters, incisive dialogue, and a minimum of flowery description, will enjoy this book. Not even the Authorized Version of the Old Testament has a finer narrative style, or one more difficult to reproduce successfully than that of the Norse Sagas. They have a rapid and vivid simplicity, a deliberate and rather ironic restraint, an outspoken, yet urbane sobriety, a fastidious choice of incident and emphasis, a sparing but intensely realistic use of detail, a feeling for brief, significant, and revealing speech, with a characteristic dry and exhilarating tang to it, that have been the despair of numerous imitators. Mr. Linklater, however, is so thoroughly at home in this literature, that if he had so chosen, he could almost have hoaxed the learned world into accepting his saga as of authentic antiquity.

At least he could, up to about page 160, when twentieth-century picturesqueness intrudes into the description of the storm with a somewhat jarring effect. Indeed the difference is so marked that one suspects the author laid the story down for a while at the end of chapter 28, and took it up again in a different and less careful mood. There are indeed a few purple passages earlier that are rather disconcerting, until one realizes that he is putting into prose what would be given as verse in the sagas.

Such criticisms, little as they may affect the interest of the book for the average reader, are certainly not entirely unimportant. When a man takes up a certain style, he may reasonably be asked to conform to its conventions, and not to introduce Wagnerian passages into a piece in the style of Mozart.

On the whole, however, with these minor reservations, Mr. Linklater recaptures extraordinarily well the atmosphere, both material and mental, of the heroic period, and works it into a most absorbing story. His Vikings are not the simple-minded caricatures of the Nineteenth Century, bathing in blood, and swilling ale out of the skulls of their enemies. They are the Vikings as the old sagas portray them, brutal and violent, some of them, others shrewd and placid; heroes, braggarts, cowards, knaves, fools, and decent simple folk in about the usual proportions, but with an unusual store of proverbial philosophy, and a tongue as sharp as their weapons.

It would be an interesting, if pedantic amusement, to go through *The Men of Ness* page by page noting the source of the incidents. Many of them, of course, have no source in the extant sagas, but a good number of old friends reappear, slightly disguised and ingeniously introduced into the story. The most obvious examples are the trick played on the berserks, the struggle with the undead revenant and the consequent curse, from Grettir's saga, and the neat incorporation of a scene from the death of the Jomsburg vikings in the Heimskringla. The berserk story Mr. Linklater rather improves; but the death of Kol and Skallagrim suffers a little from over-elaboration.

It may be hoped that not a few will be led on from this book to the old sagas, the best of which are easily available in translation; but those that go no further will have gained, in addition to the pleasure of an interesting and well-told tale, a more vivid and accurate knowledge of Viking life and mentality than any book except the authentic Sagas will give them.

L. A. MACKAY



SHORT NOTICES

A GRAMMAR OF THE ARTS, by Sir Charles Holmes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 230; \$3.00).

In this discussion, which is almost exclusively confined to the plastic arts, Sir Charles Holmes has produced a valuable brief compendium of art-history interlarded with descriptions of technical procedures and shrewd and often penetrating remarks on the various ways in which material conditions affect the artist's performance—for example, a geometrical pattern loses its rigidity when transferred from a flat surface to the curved surface of a vase.

At the same time, though I hesitate to pick a quarrel with so eminent an authority, I must enter a protest against the amiable English practise of 'muddling through' in theory. A grammar must proceed on strict and definite principles. And it is so obvious that one's interpretation of art-history, and of the place of technique and material in art will vary *toto caelo* according to the fundamental aesthetic principles adopted at the outset. Sir Charles says frankly that in the absence of any old and trusty definition of Art (or of any new one) 'we may at once turn from abstractions to consider how works of art come into being'. But abstractions, if you refuse to make them, make themselves, and there are some half-dozen definitions of art implied here, swearing at one another—(and in detail, too: cf. p. 14, 'Colour is of course essential to all forms of realism'; p. 35, 'Colour in fact is independent of naturalism, its most splendid manifestations being found where forms are schematic'.)

In lieu of a definition of art we are presented with a classification: Representative, Decorative, and Constructive (useful) arts, whereby eclecticism gains a firm footing at the start. And since the interrelations of these factors are not thoroughly investigated (that would imply a general theory of art) the reader is faced every now and then with some insoluble problem stated as if it were the plainest matter of fact. Why on earth should anyone 'aim only at a partial resemblance' as Naturalism is asserted to do? What can be meant by a realistic depiction of light ('this part of realism at least may continue to be a valuable reinforcement to forms of art not otherwise realistic')—where, say, objects are modelled in the cubist convention? By what right can Sir Charles assert that disguises of the true architectural structure ('shams') which are allowable in a theatre or eating-house are

intolerable in a church or a great public building since 'in such places we have a right to expect nothing but the truth'? The absence of any single standard of judgement leaves us with no answer to these and other questions. In fact, and this applies to all those who think that the question of first principles can be postponed till after the 'facts' have been examined, 'Truth will come out of error sooner than out of confusion'.

Sir Charles is clearly hostile to most of the recent developments in the arts he discusses, but at least not in the intemperate way evinced by the late Dr. Van Dyke who contributes the Introduction to the American Edition. This is so bad that one can hardly believe that the author was consulted about it.

H. R. M.

IMPERIALISM AND CIVILIZATION, by Leonard Woolf (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 135; paper covers, 75 cents).

This is a new edition of Leonard Woolf's well-known book, which was first published in 1928. The problems produced by the contact in the nineteenth century between the aggressive militaristic industrialized civilization of Europe and the more pacific agricultural civilizations of Asia and Africa are treated in very outspoken language. Taking the root of imperialism to be the economic expansion which followed upon the industrial revolution, he traces the effects which this has had upon older developed civilizations in Asia and upon the more primitive cultures of the blacks in Africa; and then he deals with the reaction against European domination which has been going on for the last quarter century. His suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment which will lead to a synthesis rather than a conflict of civilizations is that the machinery of the League should be used to supply weaker peoples with expert help and guidance or with trustee guardianship until they

are able to manage their own affairs. The book is rather too full of repetitions, but it makes stimulating reading about the most serious of all our world problems.

F. H. U.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND THE SOCIALIST PLAN, by C. R. Atlee.

THE NAZI TERROR: A RECORD, by H. N. Brailsford.

THE CHALLENGE TO CAPITALISM, by Sir Charles Trevelyan.

THE BREAK WITH IMPERIALISM, by J. F. Horrabin (all published by the Socialist League, 23 Abingdon St., London, S.W. 1; twopence each).

THE RELATIONS OF CENTRAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT, by W. A. Robson (The New Fabian Research Bureau, 23 Abingdon St., London, S.W. 1; twopence).

PUBLIC WORKS IN THEIR INTERNATIONAL ASPECT, by J. E. Meade (N.F.R.B.; sixpence).

These are some of the recent pamphlets published by the new organizations which have set out to provide a policy for the Labour Party in England and to spread propaganda among the electorate. The New Fabian Research Bureau is an offshoot of the old Fabian Society, and the Socialist League is a body consisting of some of the younger Fabians along with such of the I.L.P. as did not desert the Labour Party. The two bodies overlap in membership. The pamphlets which are pouring forth under their auspices represent the attitude of the intellectuals in the Labour Party, and are devoted to the enunciation of a policy which will save the party in future from the fiasco of another period of MacDonaldism. The leaders in this movement, men such as G. D. H. Cole and Major Atlee, are intent upon a radical socialism which can be brought about in England without adopting the Communist gospel of a proletarian revolution. Since Canadian conditions are so much more like those of England than those of Russia, the work of the S.L. and the N.F.R.B. seems likely to be worth a good deal of study in this country.

F. H. U.

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LIVINGSTONES, a novel of contemporary life, by Derrick Leon (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 663; \$3.00).

Blasé reviewers, always on the lookout for new grist for their mill, have spoken of this lengthy first novel with some favour. And it is not by any means undeserving; it is technically competent and has a sort of disarming boyish freshness, verging at times on

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naivety in the sociological digressions, which is quite pleasing. There is undoubtedly plenty of room in English fiction for the painstaking neo-naturalist treatment of the various aspects of present-day life, though one wonders whether the dissection of an interior decorator's establishment can have the necessary significance. This book reads like Arnold Bennett without the feverish pulsation and animation of his grand manner, but also, thank heaven, without the greater part of his snobbishness.

F. H. W.

ROMANTIC REBEL, by Hildegard Hawthorne (Century—McLeod; pp. xv, 231; \$2.75).

Romantic Rebel is the story of Nathaniel Hawthorne's life told by his granddaughter, Hildegard Hawthorne. It should be said at once that the book adds little to what was known about Hawthorne and nothing to critical appreciation of his work. It is marred, too, by a good many rather odd inaccuracies. On page 184, for example, she reports the Hawthornes seeing Tennyson and his wife at an exhibition of pictures in Manchester and being pleased to note 'how solicitous she was, for Tennyson was not robust'. Surely the roles should be reversed. Again, on page 198 she tells of Hawthorne and his wife spending many an evening with the Brownings in Florence at their home, which she calls Casa Guida. But *Romantic Rebel* does give a fresh and lovable picture of Hawthorne in his family setting. It is an admirable book for a High School library since to read it is to be led into reading Hawthorne, who is now unjustly neglected.

J. F. M.

THE BUCOLICS AND GEORGICS OF VERGIL, translated by A. F. Murison (Longmans, Green; pp. 129; \$2.25).

This volume, which is nicely bound and beautifully printed, is likely to acquire the unhappy distinction of being the worst translation of Vergil ever published. Not that it is verbally inaccurate—that would indeed be a singular achievement, with so many English translations already extant to draw on. It is the prodigious and stumbling ineptitude of the English itself that is so remarkable in this version.

Longfellow did about all anyone could do with accentual dactylic hexameters in English, and no one is very well pleased with his achievements. But at least he had an ear for stress; Mr. Murison, while loftily disdaining spondee (his ratio to Vergil's is about

one to fifty), apparently thinks that 'rocks patched with', 'e'en burst a', '(a)lone are skilled' are accentual dactyls. Mr. Murison claims to have taken unusual care with his hexameters; but he shows no sign of the slightest acquaintance with Robert Bridges' Vergilian experiment, *Ibant obscuri*. Yet if there is one modern English poet who deserves to be listened to with respect as an accomplished metrist, it is surely Bridges; and just as surely, if the dactylic hexameter is ever to be naturalized in English, it will have to be on some such quantitative basis as he suggests.

I am afraid the only appropriate comment on this translation comes from Vergil himself: '*non tu in trivitiis, indocte, solebas stridentem miserum stipula disperdere carmen?*'

or, as Mr. Murison rather fatuously renders it:

'You were wont—now, were you not wont?—at the crossways, Bungler, to murder some hapless tune on a stridulous straw-stalk?'

L. A. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

UNCERTAIN GLORY, by Regina Lenore Shoolman (Ryerson Press; pp. 8).

PROBLEMS OF STAPLE PRODUCTION IN CANADA, by Harold A. Innis (Ryerson Press; pp. xi, 124; \$2.50).

WILDERNESS WALLS, by Jane Rolyat (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 267; \$2.00).

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE, by G. Wilson Knight (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 374; \$3.50).

GENERAL

THE PROFESSIONS, by A. M. Carr-Saunders and P. A. Wilson (Oxford University Press; pp. vii, 536; \$7.50).

THE GROUP MOVEMENT, by Herbert Hensley Henson (Oxford University Press; pp. 82; \$.75).

SHORTHAND LETTERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, translated by Edwin Chappell (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 103; \$2.50).

THE ART AND CRAFT OF WRITING, by J. W. Marriott (Clarke, Irwin; pp. 254; \$1.75).

THE ENGLISH MUSE, by Oliver Elton (Clarke, Irwin; pp. xiv, 464; \$4.75).

STUNT RELIGION, by Vindex (Denis Archer; pp. 31; 1/-).

THE LIVING GOD, by Nathan Soderblom (Oxford University Press; pp. xxix, 398; \$5.50).

IS WOMAN'S PLACE THE HOME? by Winifred Horrabin (The Socialist League; pp. 9; 2d).

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND THE SOCIALIST PLAN, by C. R. Attlee (The Socialist League; pp. 10; 2d.).

THE NAZI TERROR, by H. N. Brailsford (The Socialist League; pp. 14; 2d.).

THE WRECK OF REPARATIONS, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett (Thomas Nelson; pp. 295; \$3.75).

THE RELIGIOUS FOUNDATIONS OF INTERNATIONALISM, by Norman Bentwich (Thomas Nelson; pp. 288; \$3.00).

THE STREET OF THE SANDALMAKERS, by Nis Petersen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 496; \$2.50).

ECONOMIC SCARES, by Edwin Cannan (P. S. King; pp. vii, 135; 4/6).

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER, by Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine and Stella Benson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xvi, 260; \$2.00).

ARISTOPHANES, by Gilbert Murray (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 268; \$2.25).

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY, by John Maynard Keynes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 318; \$2.00).

GOSTA BERLING'S SAGA, by Selma Lagerlof (Cape—Nelson; pp. ix, 594; \$2.25).

THE CASE OF IVAR KREUGER, by Manfred Georg (Cape—Nelson; pp. 256; \$2.50).

THE MEANS TO PROSPERITY, by John Maynard Keynes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 37; \$.30).

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, by J. L. Garvin (Macmillans in Canada; Vol. II; pp. x, 644; \$6.00).

TOWARD PLANETISM, by Roger R. Hawkins (San Yu Press; pp. 33; \$.25).

HELENE, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 312; \$2.25).

ZEST, by Charles G. Norris (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 445; \$2.25).

WHERE IS SCIENCE GOING, by Max Planck (Norton; pp. 221; \$2.00).

THE CASE FOR WEST-INDIAN SELF GOVERNMENT, by C. L. R. James (Hogarth—Longmans, Green; pp. 32; 1/-).

DICKENS THE REFORMER, by David A. Stewart (The Dickens Fellowship; pp. 16).

THE SPANISH CONSTITUTION, by H. R. G. Greaves (Hogarth—Longmans, Green; pp. 47; 1/-).

A LETTER TO A GRANDFATHER, by Rebecca West (Hogarth—Longmans, Green; pp. 45; 1/-).

THE WELL OF DAYS, by Ivan Bunin (Hogarth—Longmans, Green; pp. 351; 7/6).

POETS IN BRIEF, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, chosen by F. L. Lucas (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxxiv, 240; \$1.10).

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND, 1784, edited by Jean Marchand (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxvii, 255; \$2.50).

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WILSON MACDONALD

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In the April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM there appeared under the general title of 'Canadian Writers of the Past' an article by L. A. MacKay on the Canadian poet, Wilson Macdonald, the reading of which made one wonder

if the writer was trying to depict Mr. Macdonald as a writer of poetry or as a charlatan. I do not know if Mr. MacKay makes a habit of using vituperative language in his reviews, but certainly in the article in question he exceeds all canons of good taste, and when he describes another review of Macdonald's work, which appeared in

a responsible London journal, as being 'rather superficial and ill-formed' he goes beyond the bounds of literary decency.

Despite the summing up of his work by Mr. MacKay as 'pretentious prettiness' Wilson Macdonald is a true poet. This is not only my own deliberate opinion, but is the unanimous verdict of the leading literary critics and many of his contemporaries; and one naturally asks why after these many years—for Wilson Macdonald has been writing and publishing verse for over a quarter of a century—this particular reviewer should suddenly come out

with a blast of censorious criticism of the poetry of a man already recognized as one of Canada's sweetest singers. One can only assume that the reason is more personal than impersonal.

In this article Mr. MacKay quotes certain lines from Mr. Macdonald's poems, and from these lines tries to show up the weakness of the poet. While one would not choose these quoted lines as the best of Macdonald's work, I have no hesitation in saying that presented through any other interpreter these same lines would have a somewhat different meaning. But what about Wilson Macdonald's best work? The bigness of thought, the charm and beauty of expression, the strength of characterization, and the human appeal in it all. There is, notwithstanding Mr. MacKay's criticism, nothing small or mean in any of Wilson Macdonald's poetry. His verse stands out as a beacon light to the souls of men. It sears the hypocrisy of the self-righteous and gives hope to the under-dog. It lifts up the lowly and humble. It makes the Christ a man amongst men and the living symbol of the brotherhood of man. It paints nature with unerring skill. It is music to the tired mind.

Wilson Macdonald is not the mere sleek smoother out of words that Mr. MacKay would have us believe, but is in very reality a true elemental force in the poetry of the Anglo-Saxon race. His word-painting is so vivid and real that it gets into the hearts of the common people and makes them understand the ideals even of the common ordinary life. Indeed one would say that Wilson Macdonald's strength as a poet lies in his clear interpretation of life as it is lived day by day by ordinary men and women—a directness of touch which evidently does not meet with the approval of the hypercritical mind of Mr. MacKay.

It has been well said that the best writing, whether it be in prose or poetry, is that which expresses great thoughts and ideas in the most simple language, and when Mr. MacKay accuses Mr. Macdonald of 'academic pomposity' and 'enervated and flabby sentimentality' in his lyrics, which essentially are direct in their appeal, he is using terms which might be better applied to his own article than to Wilson Macdonald's lyrics. If Mr. MacKay is correct in his definition of sentimentality with regard to lyric poetry then Burns must be the flabbiest sentimentalist of all time. I mention Burns because he was a Scotsman and, so I assume, is Mr. MacKay. But perhaps Mr. MacKay does not approve of Burns

either, for the Scottish bard's verse is full of 'uneasy colloquialisms' such as he condemns in Wilson Macdonald.

Mr. MacKay asks, what could be cheaper, tinnier music than Macdonald's 'Song of the Snowshoe Tramp'. It was my pleasure the other day to hear Mr. Macdonald recite this poem at a meeting of educated women, and to me, as it was to every member of that large audience, that piece of poetic imagery was music of the sweetest tones. 'Commonplace ideas', says Mr. MacKay. Of course, the 'Song of the Snowshoe Tramp' is full of commonplace ideas, but in the hands of Wilson Macdonald they have been moulded into real poetry.

We now come to the gem of Mr. MacKay's article. 'Lofty and generous sentiments, spontaneous emotions, a copious flow of language and an ardent desire to employ it, could no more make a poet of Mr. Macdonald than they did of Southey.' Poor Mr. Macdonald and poor Mr. Southey, to think that they have fallen under the displeasure of Mr. MacKay. But really, could anything approach more to 'academic pomposity' than such an indictment of a man whose genius in the field of poetry had been tested and proved at the hands of the severest critics. The kindest thing that could be said of Mr. MacKay when he wrote the article is that he was not himself, otherwise he would not have pitted himself against the literary critics of the *New York Times Book Review*, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *Montreal Star*, *Toronto Saturday Night*, and writers such as the late Sir Gilbert Parker, Charles D. Roberts, Dr. Pelham Edgar and Dr. Robert Norwood. All these critics and authors have sung the praises of Wilson Macdonald as a poet; indeed Charles D. Roberts says of Macdonald that 'his poem "Exit" is one of the finest poems in the English language'. Surely such praise from a brother poet should have more weight in the minds of men than the obviously biased censure of Mr. MacKay.

Yours, etc.,
FREDERICK WRIGHT

Montreal

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread'. Such is a 'mere woman's' view of the tirade poured forth by Professor MacKay in your April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, giving his opinion of Wilson Macdonald's poetry. There seems to be something subtle and incomprehensible about this article rather reminiscent of the mental attitude of the English people toward Shelley,

which eventually drove him into exile. However, Wilson Macdonald is hailed as a 'literary star of the first magnitude' and little attention will be given to the harangue of a fault-finder who betrays (in some instances) that he has not outgrown Victorian traditions. Truly, Professor MacKay's antics when playing the role of a critic are deplorable. During the war Wilson Macdonald came to us as a refreshing current and when all the university professors and ministers, etc., were carrying on their Jingo propaganda for the war lords, Wilson Macdonald was a brave and consistent pacifist, for which all intelligent mothers will ever reverence him. As the war trailed along how tired we grew of nationalism, the namby-pambyism of our literature, in fact we had grown weary of our so-called culture, it seemed stupid and inane. Here again we found Wilson Macdonald a great tonic, his intelligent and inspired poetry carried us away and beyond the second-rate writings of our Canadian authors. Today Wilson Macdonald is sailing high in fields afar, where greater numbers have learned to appreciate a genius, and Canadians may well envy the intellectual progress of our American friends who have acclaimed Wilson Macdonald as the greatest living voice in America. Professor William Lyon Phelps, Yale University, has this to say: 'Wilson Macdonald is an original poet of distinction. His lectures and recitals are intensely interesting and appealing.' Some Canadian professors would do well to read two of Wilson Macdonald's poems, 'Convocation' and 'The Unburied Dead'.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto

Z. L. BURT

[Mr. MacKay writes:—
Sir:

I have not the honour of Mr. Macdonald's acquaintance.

Yours, etc.,
L. A. MACKAY]

BACK TO THE LAND

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

I have read so much in the newspapers and in *Hansard* of the remarkable progress made by those who have fallen for the 'Back to the land' bunk, that I feel constrained to tell something of true conditions of the new settlers. I can speak from experience of the settlers who have come north from the dried-out area and settled in the bush country north of this town.

When these people came up to look over the land, it was in the early summer when trees were green, the meadow grass high, the sloughs full, and the creeks running. It then looked like a land of milk and honey to people from a dried-out desert. They were told that there was material for building and for fuel right at hand, pasture for their stock, and wild hay for winter feed, cordwood to make and sell while they were getting the land ready for cropping. They were not told that the creeks and sloughs would dry up and water be hard to get, that it took a lot of meadow hay to winter a head of stock, that so many had been driven out of the dried out area, that the market for cordwood was much less than before.

They were told that many pioneers came in without a dollar and made good. They were not told that a majority of these pioneers had left years ago or were now as poorly off as when they came in. They were not told why it was a few had made good, that these were some who had had money left them, who had got a government job or contract, who had sold their homestead at a high price to some new-comer and then got it back when the buyer could not complete his contract, or those who had some other special piece of good fortune. They were never told how very few cases of success could be attributed to farming.

It was not explained to these new-comers that the pioneers came in at a time when the chance for success was infinitely better than at present. They were not reminded that when the pioneers came there was all kinds of construction work going on, and that the man of the family could get outside work all summer and make the winter stake, in fact he could find work for all winter if he wanted. That while he was away his wife and family could grow a garden, milk cows, and sell butter and eggs enough to supply the family, besides getting some land ready for crop. That game and fur was more plentiful than now, that seneca root then sold for a good price, while today it is very hard to find, and is hardly saleable at all.

The new-comer has come at a time when there is no construction going on and therefore no jobs. He came when the open range is overstocked, when the free hay meadows are gone, and when taxes are high. He comes at a time when credit is a thing of the past.

The net result of the migration to the bush country has been hopeless people, living on government relief and what

they can wheedle out of some charity. A large group that have no reasonable hope of ever again being able to provide for themselves or for their children, while they live under the competitive system (or want of system).

The 'back to the land' movement is a shining example of the contradictions inherent in capitalism. On the one hand the capitalist pleads with the farmer to decrease production, on the other he pleads with another group to go on the land and increase production.

In my opinion the most tragic part of the 'Back to the land' move is that human endeavour is being wasted through the want of foresight of those who are at present in control. The veriest tyro in the science of economics would know that it is being carried out in a most inefficient way, and that if these broken people were put in colonies under good management they could create wealth that would be permanent, without adding to production at present. That is if adding to production is detrimental to human welfare, which seems to be an anomaly.

In the west we have thousands of acres of good land that is at present almost useless because of being over-run with weeds. Weeds that multiplied because the farmer is financially unable to do the work that he knows needs to be done. To clean up weeds takes time and money for which there is no return for some years. When prices for farm commodities were at their highest the farmer found it hard enough to pay interest and instalments on his farm and his machinery, pay his taxes, and keep his family in food and shelter, to say nothing of buying machinery, power, and labour to clean his farm. Even if a few in a district do this, one

farm over-run with weeds can pollute a hundred well-worked farms. The fact that a man had a black summer fallow all last summer does not mean that he will have a clean crop this summer, the thistle seed that pollutes his farm may have blown on it from fifty or one hundred miles away.

If the government had put the broken men from the dried-out areas in weed-infested areas, and had summer-fallowed for two or three years; in the meantime pasturing the weedy land, they would have found they could have fed and sheltered the men and their families, given the children a much better chance, at much less cost than the relief that must be given, and at the same time they would have added to the real wealth of Canada, instead of as at present cutting down bush that is needed to conserve moisture and building another weed-infested area. As it is now the old land is growing poorer and poorer, and the new land is not getting any more valuable.

Men put at work on something that shows results are more contented slaves than men going around doing work that shows no results. If Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Bennett could keep these men contented, they would not have to hire more R.C.M.P. to keep people like the writer from talking to these discontented slaves. We would find out very quickly that it was no use wasting time on such people.

As it is—from our standpoint—Mr. Bennett and Mr. Guthrie have helped a lot, but the writer does not think they are entitled to any thanks, as they have given this help against their judgment, if any.

W. BENTLEY

Preeceville, Sask.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA"

TEA

601

"Fresh from the Gardens"



This illustration is given away in the form of a loose leaf frontispiece with each of the first thousand copies of "Wilderness Walls". The drawing is done by a young Canadian artist and is numbered and signed by Miss Rolyat.



WILDERNESS WALLS

by JANE ROLYAT—author of *The Lily of Fort Garry*

We are happy to be able to announce the recent publication of "Wilderness Walls", which is to be the first of a trilogy by Miss Rolyat.

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